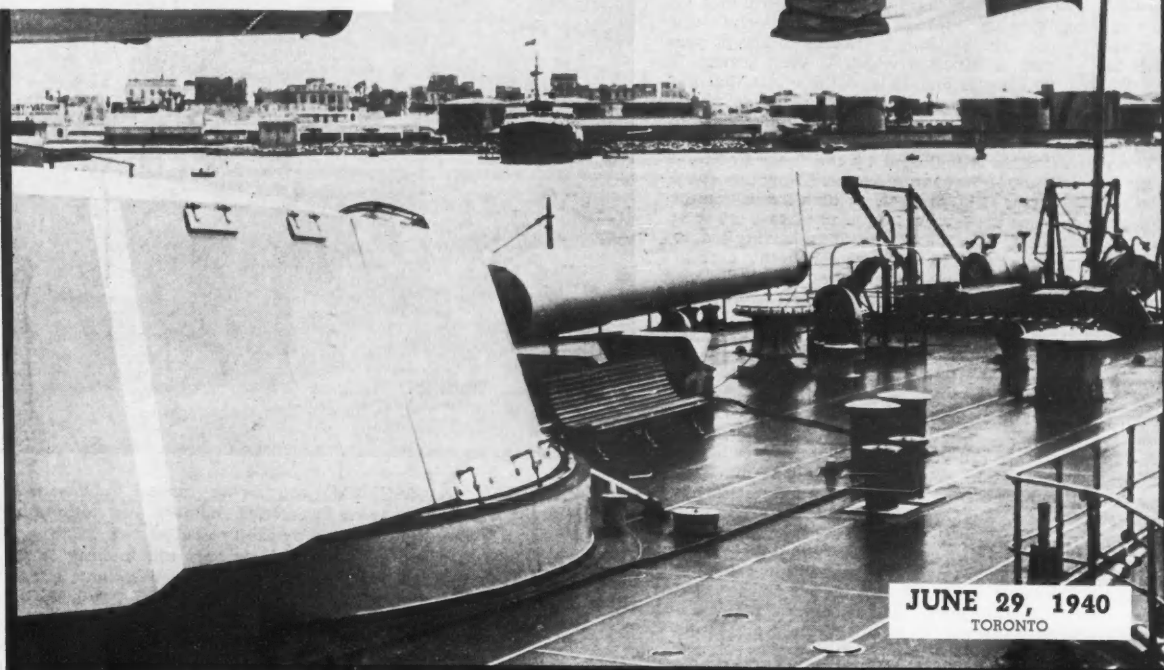


SATURDAY NIGHT

THE CANADIAN WEEKLY



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AS WE go to press Mr. King has not yet made known the names of the men—several of whom are expected to come from outside the ranks of the regular Liberal politicians—whom he will bring into his enlarged Cabinet. He has however laid down, in a speech on Thursday of last week, a number of principles limiting the field from which choice can be made. They are entirely sound principles, although they were stated in a somewhat pugnacious manner which, in the words of the *Winnipeg Free Press*, will "make certain a continuance of the severe—and often bitter and unreasonable—criticism of Government policies which has abounded."

No one, Mr. King intimated, can be regarded as a possible candidate for a Cabinet position who is not entirely loyal to himself as leader of the Government, or who would be desirous of seeing "that conscription overseas was again made one of the issues in this country." The requisite of loyalty to himself would in any event have excluded all those members of the House of Commons who have been spending several weeks of debate in the effort to remove Mr. King from the Prime Ministership, and the matter might well have been allowed to stand at that; but Mr. King devoted a special sentence to their exclusion. Nobody, we think, can take exception to the principle involved in this exclusion, though it need not have been quite so baldly stated. One of the chief reasons why we have all along regretted the anti-King campaign of these gentlemen is the fact that it had no chance of success, since there was no other reasonable candidate for the post, and that it therefore made it impossible for any of those concerned in it, no matter how great their abilities, to participate in the business of administration so long as Mr. King continues to be the only possible Prime Minister.

The question of conscription for overseas service is one in which the time element is all important. A change of circumstances will always justify a change of policies. Mr. King is perfectly right in declining to admit to the Cabinet any man who desires to promote conscription for overseas service now; but we do not think any present member of that Cabinet, with the possible exception of himself and Mr. Lapointe, is debarred from changing his mind at some future time and deciding that conscription for overseas service is imperatively necessary. When that change of mind occurs, the Minister or Ministers who wish to advocate overseas conscription would either have to persuade Mr. King to reverse himself, which might not be impossible, or to withdraw from the Cabinet and seek to bring about a change in the Prime Ministership, which by that time might also not be impossible. But in the meantime persons who desire to be active in educating public opinion in the direction of overseas conscription are better out of the Cabinet.

Mr. King is perfectly right in his assumption that he is, at the moment, the only possible Prime Minister. He is right because the substitution of any other person would entail a sectional and racial cleavage of the most grievous character, which in the opinion of the great majority of the House of Commons, and we believe also in the opinion of the great majority of the Canadian people, would not be compensated for by any proportional increase in the vigor and efficiency of the national war effort. As Prime Minister he is right in his assumption that his Cabinet must consist of men who will be loyal to himself so long as they remain in that Cabinet. A Cabinet of any other kind is meaningless; it is not a Cabinet in the British parliamentary sense at all. The popular impression that a collection of able men with entirely different ideas of what ought to be done, and all working at cross purposes, can constitute a Government, and can rule the country by taking a vote on every question that comes up, is due to a complete failure to realize the vital need, at all times and especially in war, for unity and consistency and design in a nation's policies.

Technocracy Goes

THE organization known as Technocracy Inc., with headquarters in United States and a not inconsiderable number of branches in Canada, was last week declared by the Minister of Justice to be of a subversive character, and was duly outlawed under the Defence of Canada Regulations by Order-in-Council. We believe that SATURDAY NIGHT was the first periodical in Canada to draw attention to the nature of the policies advocated by this society, which we did very early in the course of the war. Its most

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fundamental doctrine is that of the complete isolation of North America from all European affairs; and while after the entry of Canada into the war it went through certain motions intended to create an appearance of loyalty to the Canadian government, it has lost no opportunity of preaching doctrines which are no doubt still constitutionally unobjectionable in the United States, but cannot be tolerated in a country which is actually at war with Germany.

SATURDAY NIGHT was also one of the first periodicals to draw attention to the essentially subversive character of the work carried on by the various organizations of fascist type directed by Adrien Arcand and his associates. We published several articles on these gentlemen even before the outbreak of the war; and it has been a matter of some surprise to us that they have been left in freedom so long. As a result of evidence adduced in criminal proceedings brought by the R.C.M.P., a considerable number of them are now in internment camps. We are not at all convinced that they ought not to be in jail, which is reputed to be, and certainly ought to be, a less comfortable place of detention than the average internment camp. Some of them were actually undergoing prosecution when the evidence relating to their activities was turned over by the presiding judge to the Department of Justice, possibly because that method permitted of more prompt and efficient dealing with the group as a whole than the method of court prosecution. At any rate the organizers of Canadian Nazism are now in places where they cannot do any more organizing, and we congratulate the Minister of Justice and the Government upon taking a step concerning which the only wonder is why it was not taken before.

Why Incommunicado?

FROM information reaching us from numerous sources, we are compelled to conclude that internment orders issued by the Department of Justice are commonly carried out by the taking of the internee into the custody of the R.C.M.P., his removal to a secret destination, and the complete stoppage of all communication between him and all other persons. No information is given to friends or relatives as to the place of his detention, the state of his health, the evidence upon which he is detained, or anything else. In some cases apparently even the fact of his detention is not admitted, though also not denied.

We are very heartily in favor of the detention of all persons about whom there is the slightest ground for suspicion that they may, if left in freedom, act in a manner to give assistance to the enemy. We are even willing, upon the understanding that such detention is not punitive but purely preventive, and that

therefore it does not involve too grave an amount of suffering to the internee or his friends and relatives, to leave the decision as to the grounds of suspicion to the police themselves, though we should like to see some safeguards against their acting too foolishly or unreasonably. But to hold persons incommunicado for weeks and months and possibly years does not seem to us to fall within this limitation, for it is more brutally punitive than the imprisonment meted out to the most atrocious criminals after proof of guilt established in open court.

We trust that the Committee of the House of Commons which is now working upon the whole problem of the Defence of Canada Regulations will manage to devise some scheme of administration of the internment system which, while preventing conspiratorial relations between internees and persons outside, will not also prevent mothers from knowing anything of the whereabouts and health of their sons, wives of their husbands, and infants of their fathers.

Endurance Is All

THANKS very largely to good leadership from its public men and press, the Canadian people, like the British people, have recovered pretty promptly and completely from the first disastrous impressions resulting from the events in the forest of Compiègne, and are now awake to the essential facts of the situation. The most essential of these is that the Germans, with whose war technique we are fully familiar, are now for the first time faced with the task of invading a country from which they are separated by twenty miles of sea and which they cannot take by surprise or undermine by treachery; and they are further faced with the necessity of making that invasion completely successful before the appalling economic strain of their military effort breaks down their own home front. This is an exceedingly difficult undertaking, and even its successful achievement does not give them the assurance of final victory, for it would be practically certain to bring into the fight against them the full energies of the United States, which coupled with those of the Overseas Dominions and the British fleet would compel them to start upon a new large-scale war before they have had time to get their breath from the present one. In that war, it is not unreasonable to expect, the United States would have the support of a substantial number of the South American Republics.

The Germans have won their triumphs hitherto, except in the case of Norway, where surprise and treachery were the chief factors, by throwing enormous quantities of tanks against a weak spot in the opposing lines. Can this technique be repeated with the English Channel between them and their objec-

↑ THE PICTURES ↓

WHOSE FLEET? As *Saturday Night* goes to press, the enigma of what will happen to the French Fleet is still unsolved. Already the Fascist-flavored Petain government has signed away two-thirds of France's European territory, along with all her armed forces. But whether or not the Fleet will meekly surrender or rally around General Charlot de Gaulle's government remains to be seen. Pictured above are two units of the Allied Fleet as they lay at anchor off Alexandria: at the left, H.M.S. *Malaya*; at the right, the French battleship *Provence*.

tive? It was the continuous wave after wave of tanks that broke down the French resistance. How can that be repeated in England? Bombing planes are destructive, but they are also highly vulnerable, and they have never yet succeeded in conquering a well-defended country. By far the most serious element in the situation is the increased ability of the Germans to hamper the movement of shipping to and from the British Isles by air attacks upon its terminal facilities; and defence against such attacks seems to have been developed to a high efficiency.

Prisoners From England

THE first reaction of a great many Canadians to the proposal that prisoners of war and internees now in Great Britain should be sent to this country for safe-keeping was undoubtedly one of considerable hostility. It was not unnaturally felt that these were not the kind of people whom we desire to have in Canada. But neither are they the kind of people whom the British desire to have in Great Britain, and the idea of sending them to this country has a great many practical considerations in its favor. In the first place, the British Isles are much more exposed to the possibility of serious invasion by German troops than is Canada; and in the event of that invasion some of the enemy aliens now under guard might easily win to freedom and become exceedingly dangerous. In the second place the business of guarding them engages the services of men who would otherwise be more effectively employed for the defence of Great Britain itself; whereas in Canada, where enlistment for overseas service is still on a voluntary basis, it would obviously be performed by men who had been called up for military service in Canada but had not volunteered to go to the European front.

Even if we assume that there is only a limited amount of shipping space available for the transport of human beings from Great Britain to Canada, and that the shipment of these prisoners prevents the shipment of a corresponding number of British children and other refugees, it is still possible to make out a good case for sending the prisoners first. Apart from the necessity of providing guards for them, they are adults, and therefore consume a considerably larger amount of what is likely to be a diminishing supply of foodstuffs. The obligations both of international law and of decency require that they should be kept in places as remote as possible from the path of German bombers, and the premises which they now occupy could advantageously be used as habitations for children and other refugees from the evacuated areas. The task of looking after them which is to be imposed upon Canada is not a pleasant one, but it is certainly one which Canada should shoulder uncomplainingly and perform efficiently.

Union of Nations

THE proposal of the British Government for a union of the two sovereignties of Great Britain and France was made too late to be of any real value in the present terrible situation, and was not preceded by any adequate educational campaign in France. Nevertheless the fact that it can have no immediate practical effect does not prevent it from being one of the most important events of the war to date, and it will almost certainly be revived as an eminently serious proposal unless, at the conclusion of the war, Herr Hitler is in so powerful a position that he is able to forbid any such union. That he would certainly do so if he could goes without saying.

(Continued on Page Three)

THE PASSING SHOW

BY HAL FRANK

MR. RALSTON has brought down the toughest budget in Canada's history. But he's a brave man and it should be pointed out that the new post he is taking is that of Minister of National Defence, not of Self-Defence.

Here on vacation
I feel no elation.
—Old World-Conscious Manuscript.

How things change one's perspective. Since the announcement of the new income tax rates, every prospective father, who ordinarily would be horrified, is praying for triplets.

It is always amazing how in the midst of great international calamities ordinary life continues to go on. Here in this dreadful time people still collect postage stamps and the Americans are in the throes of election nominations.

There's this consolation. If cigarettes cost more under the budget that means people will smoke less and if they smoke less that means we'll save money on the resurfacing of furniture and the re-conditioning of rugs.

And you will know it is Utopia, too, because the girl you fall in love with at the summer resort will look just as ravishing when you see her back in town.

Oscar, who is in Muskoka on vacation, says that it has been raining so heavily they are practically living in the lake in order to keep comparatively dry.

Those people who have been crying that we haven't got a hard-hitting government in Canada are properly silenced now. They've taken a look at their pocket-books.

Only time will tell if Mussolini was as smart as he thinks he is, jumping at the last minute as he did on the Nazi bund-wagon.

Question of the Hour: "Who's going to have the umbrella this morning?"

Esther says she deeply regrets that the age-limit of 45 years automatically prohibits her from being conscripted for Canada's war effort. She says while she's only twenty-six, she's aged thirty years in the past three months.

This Is a Budget to Get at the Middle Classes

BY W. A. McKAGUE

CANADIANS awaited with anxiety, and heard with considerable relief, the first budget of the new war, which was brought down in Parliament by Finance Minister Ralston on Monday of this week. The tax increases are not to be slighted, but they fall short of implementing some of the fears which had been aroused by a previous measure providing for the conscription of men and money. In fact they permit us to accept perhaps too placidly a situation which is very grave. If any general criticism is due, it is to the effect that the government is not adhering to the "pay-as-we-go" policy for which it declared so strongly at the beginning of the war.

The real situation is indicated by the figures of total spending, and the offsetting revenue. For the fiscal year ended March, 1940, during less than seven months of which we were at war, total expenditures were \$681 millions, and revenues were \$562 millions, leaving a deficit of approximately \$118 millions. For the current fiscal year expenditures are estimated at \$1,148 millions, and revenues at \$760 millions. This would leave a deficit of about \$400 millions.

But it is hinted that the entire story of expenditure is not yet included, and in view of other commitments for war purposes, the Minister said it would not be safe to count on an over-all deficit of less than from \$550 millions to \$600 millions, and possibly reaching \$700 millions.

As the new taxes are computed to furnish only \$110 millions in the current year and possibly as much as \$280 millions next year, the pay-as-we-go declaration has been somewhat embarrassing. This is not necessarily a criticism of the budget. Events have moved beyond expectations. Possibly the government now finds revenues so hopelessly outstripped by expenditures that it can do no more than give taxes a stiff jolt upward, and trust to borrowing ingenuity for the balance. Nevertheless this does leave us with a borrowing program of the first magnitude, in view of the fact that this war is not creating wide margins of profit nor large new incomes, but rather tends to leave the average citizen with less savings margin than formerly. And it also accumulates a debt problem to haunt us with the fear of a capital levy or other drastic measures when the war is over.

Aimed at Middle Class

Accordingly, we must accept the new taxes as moderate. They are much along the lines, and well within the range, of the forecasts. They are notable almost as much for what they omit, as for what they levy.

Broadly speaking, the taxes aim at the middle classes. This was inevitable, since the possibilities in the higher ranges of income tax had been practically exhausted. They curtail luxuries, especially the motor car and tobacco. That was also expected, since the tax on liquor had reached the point of diminishing returns. And they make a drive against imports from the United States, which is in accord with the exigencies of our trade balance.

It is not the purpose of this article to review all the changes, which will be well known by the time this is in print, but rather to comment on the principal items. Of these, the income tax is of widest interest. The lowering of exemptions to \$750 for a single person and \$1500 for a married couple is in order, since no one can complain about these amounts as a minimum standard of living; apparently there is no change in the dependent's exemption of \$400, which is also adequate. Above the exemption, the tax starts at 6 per cent, which is double the former rate of 3 per cent, but granting that the exemptions are enough to live on, then it could have been made 10 per cent, or 15 per cent, or even higher, and no one could kick.

Meanwhile, whatever is left to us, over and above the exemptions, is so much available for comforts and luxuries, and for saving to finance the loans that will be an even bigger factor in the program of war finance than are the new taxes. In the higher brackets of income, the general rate is advanced from 56 per cent to no less than 78 per cent. But on top of the 56 per cent, there already were a surtax on investment income, a five per cent additional tax, and a further war surtax, the net result of which was somewhat complicated.

Over and above all these Dominion taxes, however, there are levies by certain provinces, which in the case of Ontario was 50 per cent of the Dominion rate, after the Dominion tax had been allowed as a deduction. Now it is obvious that the provinces will find their income tax field somewhat curtailed, after the Dominion has taken an increased slice. The total had already run so close to 100 per cent, that the juice was nearly all extracted. That is why it was said, earlier in this article, that the middle classes were the ones chiefly affected by the new budget. Away down the line, in the \$10,000 class, a present tax of less than \$800 a year is being increased to about \$2,000. The province will still find here a balance worth taxing.

But that does not complete the story of income tax. There is added an entirely new "national defense" tax of 2 per cent starting from \$600 for single persons and \$1,200 for married couples. As there are exemptions for dependents, and as the rate moves up to 3 per cent for single persons with \$1,200 or more, this seems to be a compromise between a flat levy on wages or salaries, and the more scientific income tax scheme. But this different tax is to be regretted, because it introduces unnecessary complications, adds to the maze of the taxpayer, and makes him rather tired of the whole business. On top of the surtaxes already mentioned, the individual making a return hardly knows where he is at. And we may legitimately ask, why all this complication, when the same result could be attained in a much simpler way, by a higher schedule of rates in the first place?

Excess Profits Scheme

In the field of corporations, the excess profits tax, which was introduced last autumn, can no longer be calculated on the basis of earnings on the capital investment; in future it must be a real "excess" profits tax, based on the earnings over and above the average for the previous four years, and the rate of tax is increased from 50 per cent to 75 per cent. This seems to be unnecessarily hard on the concern which did not make money in the years say 1936 to 1939 inclusive, and easy on the one which did make money then, and does not need to make any more during the war. In this rather unstable country we have scores of concerns which enjoy a feast or a famine, and which have had so much famine in recent years that they must make a lot to break even in the long run.

For instance, millions of dollars have been sunk in airplane development, with no worth-while business before the war. Possibly these companies can survive on 25 per cent, but in order that they may do so, the gross will have to be big. Knitting mills also had a rather lean time. Then there are the shipbuilding plants, which stood practically idle between one war and another. The logic behind an excess profits tax has not been made sufficiently clear. Yet there is some consolation in the fact that it has not been made 100 per cent as is the case in Great Britain. And it is understood that there will be special clauses to provide for these cases.



CITY CHILDREN IN ENGLAND are being rushed to Cornwall, Devonshire, Somerset and Wales, away from their bomb-threatened homes; and although those in the accompanying pictures are all in London depots, they are typical of tots all over Great Britain who are being evacuated. But more and more English parents are looking to Empire countries as havens for their children: to Canada, New Zealand and Australia; and each country has responded with offers of aid. Senator Cairine Wilson, chairman of Canada's National Committee, has stated that over 10,000 Canadian homes have been surveyed and "hundreds of applications are coming in."



Though the general tax on corporation profits is not raised above 18 per cent, it is provided that the combined income and excess profits tax shall not be less than 30 per cent. That will have a very important effect in raising the minimum levy, and amounts to a heavy increase in the case of a concern which does not make extra profits during the war. For unincorporated concerns the minimum tax is to be 12 per cent.

From these taxes it is a relief to turn to those on commodities which, while personal in their ultimate incidence, are not severe enough to hurt anyone. There is no increase in the sales tax, nothing further on sugar, coffee or tea, and no federal tax on gasoline, all of which evinces a desire to protect the cost of living, though it probably was consideration for the tourist business, and not for the resident, that saved us from a gasoline levy.

Saving Exchange

Of widest interest is the special tax of 10 per cent on all imports except those under the British preference. As most of such taxable imports are from the United States, this is in the nature of a measure to even up our trade balance with that country, and save us some U.S. exchange. Incidentally, coal and gasoline are two of the major commodities affected, so the householder and the motorist will by no means escape. It has virtually the same effect as another ten per cent premium on exchange.

The automobile tax, starting at 10 per cent and rising to 80 per cent according to the value of the car, is likewise intended to cut down our purchases from across the line, and reduce our luxury spending. The cheaper cars come within the \$700 factory value level, and they are now made good enough that even the best of us can get along with them, for a time. Taxes on tires and tubes are raised, but not severely.

Increases in the tobacco taxes make cigars a luxury, and cigarettes are raised from \$5 to \$6 per thousand, which now means 12 cents on a package of 20, while cigarette papers are jumped from two cents to five cents per 100, which is more than they are worth. These

rates once again threaten the tobacco levies with diminishing returns.

The entire budget is pervaded with the saving grace of avoiding any retroactive feature. It is always bad enough figuring out what new taxes will do to us in the future, without trying to reckon what they are presumed to have done to us in the past.

One of the major effects of the new budget will probably be a restriction on our purchases from the United States. These are now at the rate of about \$600 millions a year, some of which is vital equipment for industrial use, or essential raw materials such as cotton and rubber, but in the wide range of devices and supplies for general use there is considerable room for the kind of economy that will be enforced by an extra ten per cent tax. It is possible that from \$50 million to \$100 million of spending may be curtailed in this way, or replaced by an extra stimulus to domestic production of coal, gasoline and general manufactures.

By the same token, an appreciable increase in the cost of living is unavoidable since, insofar as we buy at all, we must either pay more for what we import, or more for what we produce at home. Nor does the retention of the existing British preferential duties help us, because an increase in the price level of such commodities is already taking place.

40 Per Cent in Taxes

There is a lesson in the budget that should strike home to all provincial and municipal authorities. The Royal Commission on Dominion-Provincial Relations, in its recently published report, estimated the aggregate income of all the people of Canada at \$3,800 millions for the year 1939. This was somewhat disappointing, compared to the earlier estimates, computed in a somewhat different way, which had been nearer to \$5,000 millions. But on the new basis the Finance Minister estimates about \$4,500 millions, for 1940 which seems to be a rather optimistic jump.

Now with Dominion outlay raised by the war to at least \$1,200 millions, and with provincial and municipal spending bringing the aggregate up to about \$1,800 mil-

lions, it is evident that we are already putting up 40 per cent of all we make, for public purposes.

That leaves us just \$2,700 millions, or about \$250 per capita, to buy our food, and clothing, and household goods, and all the other things that our public authorities neglect to provide for us out of their budgets. It represents a living standard that is already depressed, and that can not be helped by any wishful attempt to soak the rich any further, nor by any species of hair-brain finance. It puts right up to the provinces and municipalities the job of doing the best they can on less money than they have had before, and certainly without any further increases in the taxes which they levy.

A VALUABLE COURSE

A SHORT course for women is being conducted at Guelph this summer during the period July 2-26. The courses cover wartime nutrition, foods, clothing, child care and training. They are offered through the co-operation of the Canadian Medical Association and the Ontario Agricultural College and are given financial assistance by the life insurance companies operating in Canada. The Canadian Red Cross Association is asking the various units in towns with a population of over 1,000 to select candidates to attend the courses. They are organized on the basis of war service, and stress is laid on the feeding of our people and the clothing, care and training of children, with particular reference to the needs of probable refugees. Women who take this training should prove to be invaluable as leaders in their own communities.

THE REFUGEES

FIVE days ago, a smiling mother set
Three candles on small Mina's birthday cake.
Five days ago! Can pain be measured thus?
How bound the days and hours when one has passed
Beyond despair into a nightmare land
Where frantic cries
And hurrying feet of haggard, moaning hordes
Urge haste, and yet more haste?

There is no sleep for empty, burning eyes—
There is no rest when ruin rides the wind.
Her pale face lifted to the lurid sky,
Her wrung lips moving, moving soundlessly,
The Refugee still stumbles on her way,
Seeing not stones
And twisted shapes that strew the path,
Death lies behind—behind...

Destruction rushed upon the plain at dawn;
His ruthless talons found the sleeping child
In one mad moment, as the mother drove
The slow herds from the pasture bright with dew.
A thousand war planes tore their dreadful way
Through dreaming Rotterdam,
And casements open to the stars
Framed agony and fear.

One memory can never be outrun—
The terror of that dawn and how you snatched
With bleeding fingers at the blazing beams
That crushed and smothered everything you loved.
Blindly you flee—your scarred and blackened hands
Still clinging to an empty milking pail!
Five days? Five days?
Five centuries of pain!

—ISOBEL C. MACLEOD.

NOTE

Last night I walked a long time in the rain
with thoughts that were to thought's self mystery.
The street lamps burned with incoherent pain,
and pain burned strangely in the heart of me.

God-hunger came with little cringing eyes,
and beauty came with cold exploring snout,
and I considered them with dull surprise,
and they considered me, I have no doubt.

All I have dreamed at, sought for, met me there
in that dark street of softly dripping trees,
and I ran, mad, not caring, anywhere—
and prayed behind a hedge on bloody knees.

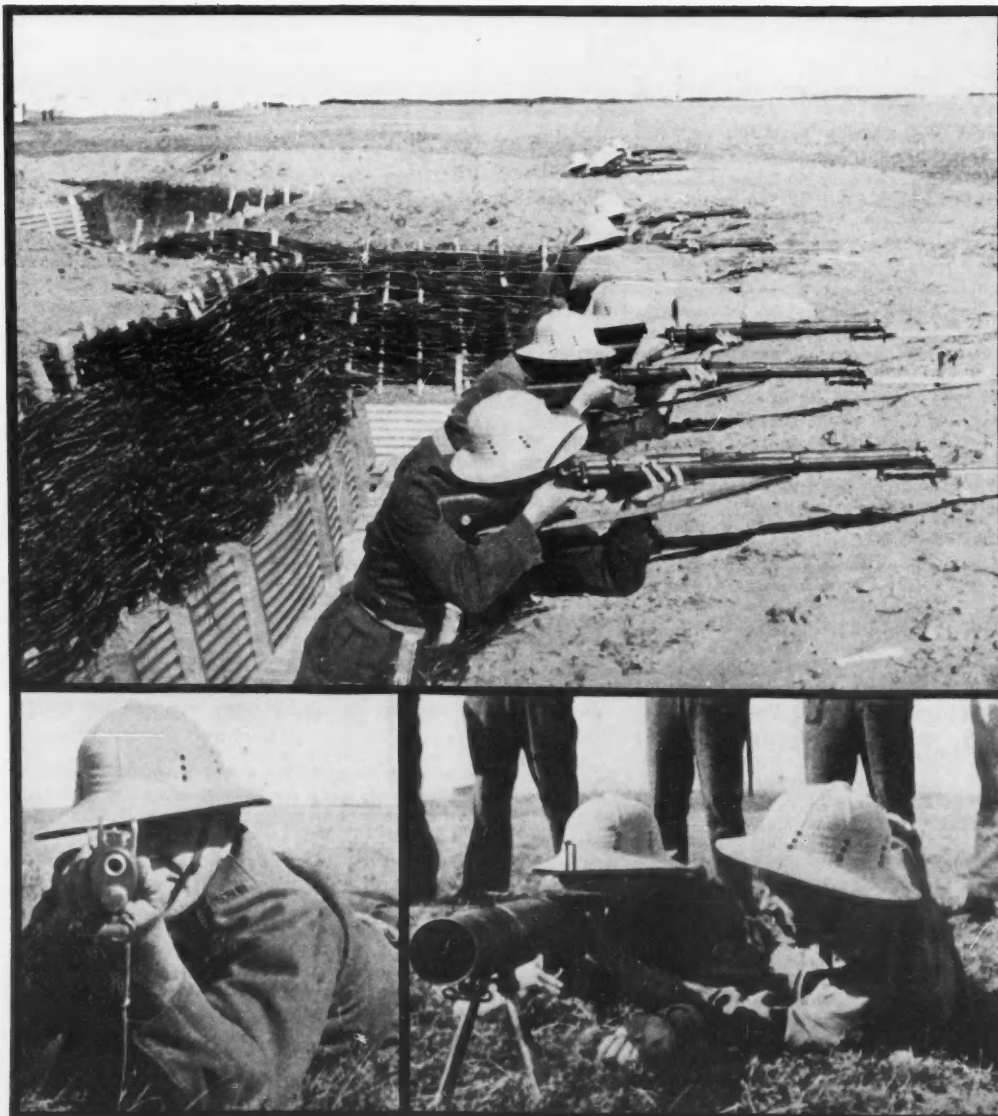
Orilla, Ont.

KENNETH WELLS.

AWAKENING

AWAKE, he saw as in the dragging chains
Of his oppressive dream, a wide sea shore,
A black and breaking sea, and score on score
Of images laid prone, the sole remains
Of the abstractions of the mind of man—
A marble Justice and a bronze-dark Peace;
The Shaft that marked an end of Wars; a Plan
Of Future States where happily would cease
Man's labor for his bread. All toppled there
They lay stone cold beside the moving sea,
Legless and armless, with the frightful stare
Of vacant carved eyes; relentlessly
Swept by the torrent, tumbled down the plain
Scoured by the sand and fretted by the rain.

Grand Falls, Newfoundland. LENORE A. PRATT.



THEY'RE WAR-MINDED ON THE PRAIRIES. Enlarged Western Canada camps are busy training thousands of soldiers these days. These scenes show some activities of the South Saskatchewan Regiment in camp at Shilo, Man. At the top are seen some troops learning defence tactics in a trench. Lower left is Private Paddy O'Shea, of Regina, "at the ready", and lower right two prairie patriots with a Lewis gun.



LOOKING IT IN THE EYE

—By Lou.

Spell of "The High Country"

BY FREDERICK NIVEN

BEFORE the days of gasoline, approach to the elevated, austere, and beautiful regions between timber-line and the peaks among Rockies and Selkirks—what's called by mountain men "the High Country"—was usually made by aid of horses. The sure-footed western cayuse carried us and our baggage thither. But now, with the ousting of the lively stable by the garage we have, willy-nilly, in most parts to set out in a car on the old roads that, with the worst bends eliminated, serve as motor roads, and when the car can go no further strap on the pack-sacks and proceed afoot. The scene, however, remains as of old.

The green hush of the woods is round us as, bent under our loads, we go upon our way. We hear the drumming of grouse in the further recesses of the woods. On we go and are aware of another sound through the quiet. There comes a humidity in the air and ahead of us is a roaring creek. In the draught of air down the gulch in which it rumbles are the scents of hemlock and pine and fir. There are plaques and cushions of moss there, and rambling designs of ferns across the slabs of rock. In that dingle the barbed leaves of the devil's club or the broad leaves of thimble-berry, moored to the parent bushes, flutter ceaselessly in the ground-draught as if beckoning in agitation.

WE MAY be traveling on some prospector's trail or on a trail slashed by fire-warden or game-warden, but even though on a man-made trail we begin to have the feeling of being interlopers. Wilderness surrounds us and frequently old Nature has been at work in an effort to obliterate evidence of predecessors in the land. Long stretches there may be where storm has swept past, violently uprooting trees. We have to crawl over or scramble under deadfalls. There is a sense in such places of the world being still very much in the making. We come to where spring avalanche has rushed down a hillside felling a wedge of trees and piling them in the valley. Once, at a high elevation among the Kootenay mountains, but still among forests, the rocky peaks hidden by them, I came to a creek cluttered by trees that had been washed down in the spring freshets. They had formed a dam like a huge beavers' dam, and made a small lake above one of the bends. There I found a flock of the fattest ducks I have ever seen. Among the bushes on the banks lay the remains of many char that they had taken out of the water. Apparently they had eaten only the more succulent parts. There they were by that creekside, a waddling, squeaking bevy of feathered gourmands.

The trail made by deer on their way to and from a dark dank hillside, where was some saline or soda deposit that pleased their palates, I often recall. Where they converged on the place or, when leaving it, had not scattered but walked in single file, their trail was a foot-deep trench patterned with the marks of their cloven hoofs.

BUT all that is only on the way to the High Country. The first glimpse of it is frequently between the spires of the last conifers. Often I remember the ascent to one high basin that took me through clumps of rhododendron and laurel. The polished leaves of the laurel were turning yellow and were toned like oriental porcelains. Small rivulets, one after the other, came glinting down through gaps in a palisade of rock ahead, splashing on their way great clusters of purple pentstemon. I grasped an overhanging branch of juniper to pull myself up an activity and in the act released its pungent odor on the air. A few steps more and the wide sweep of the alpine basin, miles in circumference, was revealed. Thin last lines of trees climbed a little way further. A lone brittle pine stood eerie on a ridge. A flight of ptarmigan strung away, with a heavy whirr of wings, over undulations of heath. Beside the twisting runnels there, that drained lingering snowfields, not moss was on the rocks, as by the creeksides below, but small yellow flowers growing in the thinnest layers of earth imaginable.

As I stood there, admiring, and taking breath after the climb, the only sound the pumping of my taxed heart, there came a shrill, high whistle, a single whistle. In a rubble of rocks ahead—how far off I could not be certain, for it takes time to accustom oneself to the different visibility up there and rightly gauge distances—a rubble of great rocks under a broken ridge, there must have been a village of marmots and the sentinel had spied me. That shrill whistle of the hoary marmot, the *siffleur*, always seems to me the voice of loneliness.

LONELINESS! In the high basins inevitably it envelops the traveler. The marmot's whistle warns of the advent of strangers. That is what we are there: strangers. We do not occupy the land. We make incursions and return to the world below. Thinking of that region, often I recall a prospector's cabin perched on the one buttress, of a curving range, that is safe from the sudden onslaught of spring snowslide. Behind it is just a prospect hole, a tunnel. For several years, from May to October or on to November if the snows allowed, and now and then through the winter, one man worked there—solitary. He is very hospitable. Although all his provisions he has to pack on his back through miles of lower forest and then up more than a thousand feet of steep scree, when chance visitors look in on him he always refuses to partake of any of their store, demands that they dine as his guests. One plea he has for those who, by evidence of a rifle slung to a shoulder,

are up there a-hunting: He begs of them to shoot no goats in his neighborhood, for during his sojourns he has tamed several of them. "But it's all right with me," he says, "if you shoot a grizzly," and gives a wry smile. He is somewhat dubious of grizzlies in his comings and goings.

The loneliness of his eyrie has put no unhappy mark on him, but all who have adventured to any extent in such places have come across the prospector of another sort, unhappily affected by the loneliness, harmless no doubt, but "not quite right." He talks to himself—too much—begins to split himself in twain, carries on conversations, pro and con, with his split self, disputes, wrangles, one half against the other.

"A MAN thinks powerful up there," I heard that a remark forty years ago, sitting on the veranda of a hotel in Nelson, one of a silent group that watched the full moon swim up over the tree-fringed skyline. As it rose clear from the ridge a quiet old man of the mountains spoke those words with an intonation as of deep knowledge and experience of what he spoke: "A man thinks powerful up there—nights like this."

There are dangers there, of course. June blizzards are not unknown at high altitudes. A rockslide may move and carom down with dreadful divagations of enormous boulders, undermined by spring seepage. A snow-slope we cross may prove to be frozen on its surface by a chill wind and we may slip and glissade. But there are dangers everywhere, and these and kindred unfortunate possibilities—or the chance, as a mountain man once lightly remarked to me, of "stepping on a sleeping bear or bumping into a blind old cougar,"—do not deter from return those on whom the High Country has put its spell.

There is a profound spell for many in the High Country, that home of the seasons and the weather, a spell composed partly of challenge, partly of beneficence. Tired with the arduous climbs and packings, sweat in the eyes, we may say, "Never again. This is the last time!" But after a short rest it seems the High Country is calling us back again. We remember the dawn up there. We remember the coming of night: the woods fill with dusk; it flows upward, brims upward. In the last glow the peaks are like beacons. As day draws near an end a small wind runs down the slopes. The forests sigh of another day's end, and then are still.

The Front Page

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and he would have the ironical precedent of the action of the Allies themselves in forbidding even a customs union between Germany and Austria right up to the time when Hitler had made Germany sufficiently powerful to effect complete union by force and in defiance of the opinion of the rest of Europe.

The truth is that Hitler has taught us the important lesson that in a world of force, no combination of two or more nations is anything like as strong as the same nations united under a single government. Hitler himself has no allies, and seeks none. If he needs the territory of a neighbor nation, he uses it; if he does not, he insists only that it shall make no attack upon him. Russia is not an ally, she is merely an associate in a non-aggression pact. Italy is not an ally; the term Axis was invented expressly to indicate that the relationship was something different from an alliance; Italy is merely a sort of jackal, contemptuously whistled up to the table when the meal is ready in order to pick up the crumbs. The peoples and territories whose assistance Hitler really wanted he has taken under his rule. It is impossible to deny that the method is much more efficient.

If Great Britain and France had been united during the last twenty years, and had therefore of necessity followed the same policies, the present European situation could never have developed. United, the two Empires would have been of such overwhelming strength that they would not have had to stoop to the disastrous repressive measures against Germany which France standing alone felt obliged to adopt owing to her numerical inferiority and her uncertainty concerning the support which she could expect from her friends. Such a union would obviously have been a very different affair from that of Germany with Austria and Czechoslovakia which succeeds chiefly in virtue of the brutalities of Herr Himmler's secret police. It would have been a union of free peoples, with a very large measure of local self-government in its different parts. But in matters of trade, finance, and defence, the unity of a single sovereign state, however democratic and however federalized, is always complete; and an Anglo-French state held together by these ties would speedily develop a unity certainly more genuine, and prob-

FROM WEEK TO WEEK

The True Voice of America

BY B. K. SANDWELL

I DO not propose this week to occupy this space myself. I propose to turn it over to one of the greatest of the older university heads of the United States, President George Norlin of the University of Colorado, whose commencement address to the students of the University of Wyoming, delivered a few days ago, has been handed to me by our mutual friend, Principal Malcolm Wallace of University College.

President Norlin began with a reference to the rioting which was taking place in the University of Munich when he last visited there in 1932, and which resulted from the efforts of a professor of history, "true to his calling as a high priest of truth," to discuss objectively the Treaty of Versailles and the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk.

"The truth as it is now taught in Germany is that in the last world war Germany was not in the least to blame, but that, on the contrary, she was the innocent object of a world conspiracy to crush a superior, God-chosen race, which has never been defeated, which can never be defeated, and whose divine mission it is to impose its civilization by force of arms upon all the inferior peoples of the earth."

"That is but a sample of truth made in Germany. I can not take the time here to trace the progressive steps of the Germanization of truth as I saw it on the ground in 1933 and have heard of it through German mouths the last seven years. I must let it suffice to say that what the Nazis call their world philosophy, their *Weltanschauung*, is such a tissue of blatant lies that it is the eighth wonder of the world how even a brown shirt could take the madness of it seriously, unless we accept Hitler's word that any lie, no matter how incredible or fantastic, is made true by loud and assiduous repetition."

"So now we have truth made in Germany, truth made in Russia, truth made in Italy, truth made in Japan—truth made out of whole cloth to justify whatever savagery they may desire to perpetrate. They have even claimed that God is with them, and now they are sure, for did not Napoleon point out that 'God is on the side of the strongest battalions'?"

"AND we have also truth manufactured in the United States; for we too have fashioned our own myths to justify our apathy in the face of that advancing savagery."

"If that last assertion shocks you as a truth made by me, let me quote a statement found in the current issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* by the poet, now Librarian of Congress, Archibald MacLeish. Speaking of what has been happening across the Atlantic and especially of the darkness which is spreading from the German madness over the minds of men everywhere—over your minds and mine—he complains: 'These things are now commonplaces. They are commonplace to such a point that they no longer shock us into anger. Indeed it is the essential character of our time that the triumph of the lie, the mutilation of culture, and the persecution of the Word no longer shock us into anger.'

"They no longer shock us into anger. Why should we be angry? What goes on over there, we have been saying, is no concern of ours. It is no skin off our backs. Let them stew in their own juice. As for us, let us go about our own business; let us live unto ourselves."

"In fact, isolation has been our national religion for many years. We have preached it fervently like crusaders in a holy cause inspired and led by the Holy Ghost. And yet we are not entirely comfortable. We can't help wondering whether it is cricket for us to sit idly by, thanking God we are Americans, while the hounds of hell are running loose in Europe. We aren't very proud of ourselves; we do not feel very heroic and so we hide our apathy under shining masks. We comfort and justify ourselves with myths."

"It is of these myths of our own making that I wish to speak. First there is the myth which has been so propagandized in the United States that most of our students, and I dare say most of our people, accept it as the truth. I mean the myth that we were fooled and duped—led by our noses—into the war of 1914-1918, by big business and misleading propaganda, and that we are never going to be fooled again."

"That is a myth out of whole cloth. It is propaganda and not history. In fact we pushed ourselves into that war. There was an overwhelming sentiment in favor of our entering upon it. We felt that isolation from that conflict was unworthy of us; that the issue of that war was of profound concern to us; that we had precious and vital interests in common with one side against the other; that the brutal invasion and devastation of little Belgium by a great power in violation of a solemn treaty was intolerable; that the sinking of American ships which were entitled to the freedom of the seas was intolerable. Above all, we were lifted up on the wings of a high hope—the great hope that if we threw into that war our power, our prestige, and our relative detachment from the quarrels of Europe we would be in a strong position to see to it that out of the ashes of that conflict there would grow some world parliament—some league—which could prevent such cataclysms in the future."

"It was a war to end war, or so we thought. It did not turn out as we thought. We were on the side of the victors, but we won nothing for which we fought. And why? Mainly because we did not follow up our victory and reap its fruits; because

a minority in the Senate of the United States thwarted our President and the great majority of our people in our desire to take our place in a world council, and to join with other peoples in a league to prevent aggression, to give security to small nations who wanted only to go their own way in peace, and to outlaw war as the be all and end all of national policy."

"That defeat of our aspirations shocked us all, and for a time we rebelled against it, but our enthusiasm cooled; apathy seized our jaded spirits; and we set our feet in the path of 'normalcy'—that bastard word which masks the lie that every man liveth unto himself, every group of men, every nation of men."

"In fact we fought and won and ran away. We left the League of Nations, the child begotten of American hopes, a founding on the door-step of Europe—a Europe torn by rancor and hate. We not only abandoned it and disowned it but held in contempt its weakness caused by our running away. We seemed even to rejoice over its failure with a triumphant 'I told you so.' And so we made the world safe, not for law and peace, but for criminals and gangsters."

"ANOTHER myth by which we hallow our isolation is that in the conflict now raging there is no essential difference between one side and the other—no real difference in method or in purpose. Both are tarred with the same brush. Both are imperialistic, fighting only to extend their dominions. Therefore there is no reason whatsoever why we should side with either party to the conflict, even in our sympathies."

"I have heard that doctrine preached on our own campus in Boulder. I have seen students passing resolutions to that effect all over the country. They have been fooling themselves; they have been duped; they have had their eyes veiled from the truth by those who should know better. Here I should like to say, what should go without saying, that a professor in a university is virtually under oath to speak the truth and nothing but the truth; and that when he speaks not *ex cathedra*—not from his chair—but from a soap box, not having taken the pains to know whereof he speaks, he is as much a falsifier as any blatant Hitlerite."

"This myth has been hushed the last two weeks. At least I have not heard it for some little time. The language of events has answered it. To discuss it seriously now would be to insult the intelligence of a moron. It is a tale told by an idiot. Indeed recent events have made it painfully obvious that the Allied powers are at a tremendous disadvantage because they are bound by barriers of decency and honor which the enemy smashes through without scruple and without shame."

"And today the clear truth which puts all other things in shadow is this: Our little planet is now a great battleground on which two ideas or two sets of ideas—two philosophies—are engaged in a struggle to the death. Not that they face each other for the first time. They have met before on a thousand battlefields—nations against nations, parties against parties, blocs against blocs, man against man, individuals at war with themselves. But they are now met in a colossal struggle such as the world has never before seen, and the issue of that conflict seems to be in some final sense fateful for all mankind, fateful for us."

"Two ideas, two sets of ideas, two philosophies, meeting head on, what are they? On the one side is the Nazi *Weltanschauung*, which stands for the exploitation of human beings on a national and even on a world scale. It has no regard whatsoever for human life as such, not even the life of its willing or unwilling subjects. These have no rights, not even the right to live. They are of value only as they contribute to the power of the State. They are just so many cells in a vast organism. If they do not function, or are suspected of not functioning, healthily and loyally to the ruling power, they are cancerous growths which must be removed by ruthless surgery. They are to all intents and purposes slaves, whipped into step by a leader, alias a driver. There is no personal freedom. The only freedom is the freedom of the State to work its absolute will, and the will of the Nazi state is the will to war and conquest."

"That, stripped of its disguises and hallelujahs, is one philosophy, one religion. On the other front is an idea, a faith, which is a slow and painful birth of ages of human aspiration and struggle. It is the revolutionary idea, or set of ideas, that man is not a means to an end, not something to be exploited by class or by state for wealth or for war, but an end in himself; that the highest of values on this earth is the value of free men, that the only morality, the only justice which is built on a rock is that which respects the sacredness of the human personality; that laws and institutions and states are made for him and by him, not he for them; and that the first business of men living together—the first business of the state—is not to coerce him under the despotism of a regimented mob for an ulterior purpose but to cherish and promote his individual freedom to grow in peace into the full stature of his being."

"That idea, which we name democracy, has never been realized in fact. Democracy is not an accomplished thing, not an established thing. Rather it has been a dynamic faith which has always had to do battle, and today with its back to the wall is battling for its very existence."

ably more lasting, than that which now exists between the old Germany and the territories which have recently been added to it.

Some Strange Thinking

THERE are still quite a large number of people in Canada who, notwithstanding the events of the last few months, continue to cherish, and to expound, the belief that war is in itself and always futile, that it does not bring peace, and that it always brings more war. This doctrine, which obviously involves the abandonment of any effort to judge between the merits of the two contending parties in an international dispute, has been very widespread in Canada in recent years, and has had not a little to do with the skimping of our defence preparations. Nevertheless, it is a trifle surprising to hear it being re-asserted at such a moment as the present by different branches of the Women's Institutes of Ontario. We do not suggest that the propagation of such doctrines should be prohibited, although it is obvious that they are highly calculated, if logically followed up, to impair the energy of

Canada's war efforts. But we do very strongly suggest that the high authorities of the Women's Institutes, and of any other organizations in which such ideas are likely to find expression, should do all in their power to impress upon their members that the lesson of the present situation in Europe is a flat contradiction of this pacifist doctrine.

War is not necessarily futile. It can be made futile by foolish or selfish or unjust behavior on the part of the victors after they have won their victory. The resistance of the Allies in the last war was not futile, for if they had not resisted, Europe would have been dominated by Prussian militarism for a generation already. The war was a success, but the peace which followed it was rendered futile by innumerable mistakes on the part of the victors, and not least by the mistake which was brought about in all the democracies by the very teaching of this doctrine of the futility of war. War is certainly not a thing to be desired, but it is a thing to be faced when the necessity arises. Today nothing but war can stop the triumph of Germany, and it is surely a strange mind which can assert that the stopping of that triumph is "futile."



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NORTH BRITISH

THE HITLER WAR

An Unbelievable Debacle

WE ARE becoming so used to disastrous events that the extent of the French débâcle only penetrated one's consciousness gradually. Why, only a fortnight ago France was our closest friend and strongest ally, and seemed well on the way to becoming a partner in permanent political union. What came over her that she should give up the fight altogether, without even trying to carry it on from her overseas possessions, as little Belgium and Holland are doing, or from exile, like the Poles and Norwegians? That her government should feel forced to abandon its home territory to the Germans one could understand. But that it should sign a convention authorizing the Germans to disarm all Frenchmen and use France, her resources and her military equipment, in the fight against Britain, is almost incomprehensible.

What could the French Government hope to gain from such an act of submission, compared to the prospect of complete recovery of everything they had lost if they persevered in company with Britain? Surely they couldn't be under the illusion that they could buy mercy from Hitler, or that he would permit them the slightest degree of independence in their rump territory once he had them disarmed. Did Pétain, who, whatever he is, is no coward (though he was always a defensive fighter), believe German assurances that Hitler would deal "honorably" with such brave antagonists and reward them for a "realistic" recognition of their country's changed situation? Were he and his colleagues convinced that Germany was going to win the war in the end and that it was therefore better to come to terms with her now

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

and start working out a *modus vivendi* in the new Europe? Or were they out-and-out traitors to the democratic ideal and the British alliance?

Probably the worst one can suspect of Pétain is that he imbibed some fascist sympathies during his ambassadorship in Madrid and thought the country's will to resist as enfeebled as his own, weary by the struggle of 84 years and three wars with a Germany which came back stronger each time. But it is almost certain that the old marshal, one of the very few men from whom the country would have taken the order to lay down its arms, has been used by an unscrupulous group who do not find the price of France's surrender too high if only it brings them back into office. A little note in the paper, that Monday morning that brought the news of the fall of Reynaud and of Pétain's call to surrender, stating that Laval, Flandin and Bonnet had been considered for the new cabinet and would probably be included later, seemed to me to give the show away. It was the "old gang" again, the slippery Abyssinian horse-trader, the friend of Hitler, and the Munichite and defeatist. But they understood that it wouldn't be safe to have their names flaunted before the people until the German terms had been signed and sealed.

Old Gang's Last Chance

It is hard to know whether to call these wretched, discredited politicians traitors. We have met their like in every country conquered or put under pressure by Germany. They are the French counter-part of the Austrian Seyss-Inquart, the Yugoslav Stoyadinovitch, the Norwegian Quisling, the Belgian Leopold, the American Lindbergh and the Canadian Arcand. They hated Reynaud more than they did Hitler, and would rather see the country ruled by the Germans than by the workers. They are anti-British and anti-democratic; it would be hard to know which to put first. They are the spokesmen for privileged groups. The manner in which they have kept the French people in ignorance while signing them into ignominious slavery, and the way they have turned over the war materials, productive apparatus and military bases of France for use against their former ally, indicates clearly enough the kind of régime they will develop in rump France. We can now expect from them, in justification of their surrender, an outburst of bitter recrimination against Britain, along the lines of that favorite Nazi propaganda phrase: "Britain is ready to fight to the last Frenchman".

Reynaud stood for the political regeneration of his country. But he hadn't time to effect it, for French party politics have been for the past twenty years truly an Augean stable of self-interest and corruption. A clean sweep of the old gang could have been effected and strong new elements brought to the fore had the nation continued the struggle to the end alongside Britain. But the old gang knew that, and with a last disastrous manipulation of the unstable French political system secured a further lease of power. Now French regeneration must be bought in a far costlier and bitterer way. The great majority of the French people will have to work it out in their own souls under the heel of the harsh Teuton, or worse still, the swaggering Italian. Some of the new elements, however, have already escaped abroad, or raised their voices from the colonies. How is it that they dare to defy their own government? They know these men very well, and know that they do not represent France. They repudiate their surrender just as the Belgians abroad repudiated Leopold's.

How Much Can Be Saved?

The question remains: how much can be saved out of the French débâcle? Can all of North Africa, with its valuable naval bases and large native army, and the greater part of the French Fleet be saved? If so, the whole picture of the Mediterranean situation would be brighter than appeared possible a few days ago. The Anglo-French Navy could still rule the whole of the Middle Sea and their armies hold almost the entire African coast from Suez to Gibraltar and beyond. Italy has shown no power to be afraid of, and Germany can probably not afford to turn her attention in that direction until she has conquered the British Isles. Such Anglo-French strength in the Mediterranean might discourage Spain from plunging into the war and would in any case be a strong support for Gibraltar. If this fortress were attacked from the Spanish side, French troops might move into Spanish Morocco across the Straits.

It is just such eternally fresh-springing hope that keeps us in this fight. Yet it would be unwise to count on all the military leaders of

the French Mediterranean possessions being of the fight-it-out school, all the warships' commanders refusing to return home, and all the native armies remaining loyal. We must be well pleased if half the French Fleet continues at our side and the large French military pool in Syria remains solidly with us.

What Balance of Power?

At the time of writing, the disposition of the French Fleet still agitates all the admiralties and half the chancelleries of the world. Certainly, if the extreme case were possible, where Britain was to lose and Hitler gain the effective support of all units of the French Navy, the change in the world naval balance of power would be startling. In battleships it would represent a change from 21 Anglo-French units opposing 8 Italian-German, to 14 British opposing 15 Italian-German-French battleships; or if one takes account of the 5 British, 1 French and 2 German battleships being rapidly completed, a count of 19 for us against 18 for them. Of course, mere arithmetic is a little misleading here. One could not reckon the old French or Italian battle units equal to say, the British *Queen Elizabeths*, which, old as they are, are considered the finest capital ships ever constructed. Nor could one assume that the Italian crews or the green German crews which would have to man the French ships would be the equal of the experienced British, or that Hitler's motley array, would, short of a couple of years, form a navy which could challenge the perfectly-trained and closely-knit British Fleet in full-dress battle. More likely, Hitler has no intention of seeking a full-dress naval battle with the British, but would use any powerful French units which he picks up as commerce raiders. Very redoubtable they would be, too, since most of our convoys can be protected with nothing larger than a destroyer.

No such clean-cut transfer of French naval strength from one side to the other is to be expected. Hitler will get part of the French Fleet and part will remain with us, or be seized by us. Nor will either side get full and effective use of the units gained. Hitler will lack officers and crews for his share, and we will lack spare parts, ammunition and home repair bases for those we get. If the main North African base of Bizerta remains at our disposal, however, stores of ammunition and some spare parts may be available to keep our portion of the French forces operating until new supply arrangements can be improvised.

The Newer Ships

Nor will it be necessary, for us to get the cream of the French Navy, to retain even half of the total number of ships. If we get the new *Strasbourg* and *Dunkerque*, and the still newer and more powerful *Richelieu*, if it is completed (one report has it still in the yards at Brest and hence in German hands), Hitler can have the five old 1911-13 battleships, *Courbet*, *Paris*, *Bretagne*, *Provence* and *Lorraine*. If we get most of the seven heavy cruisers, all built 1925-32, and most of the 1933-36 light cruiser class, *Marseillaise*, *Montcalm*, *Gloire*, *Jean de Vienne*, *Georges Leygues* and *La Galissonnière*, we oughtn't to begrudge Hitler the rest (there are 21 cruisers in all). Destroyers are a particular prize just now, with a surface and under-sea commerce war certainly looming up. It would be a pity to lose any of the 73 French units, many of which are of a specially large size, peculiarly useful against the numerous Italian torpedo-boats; but probably we cannot hope to hold more than half of them.

If Hitler could acquire and make effective use of all of the 77 French submarines, we should face, with the 100 Italian and 50 to 60 German, a combined enemy U-boat strength of well over 200. But it is not likely that all of the French submarines will surrender, or that, for reasons of personnel, spare parts, ammunition sizes and sabotage, the Germans will be able to make use of all they do acquire. Of the Italian submarines, it may be noted that the twelfth part have already been accounted for in a fortnight's fighting. And the German U-boats have learned that the British Navy has a very highly developed technique for dealing with them.

It is not so much the short-range prospect, or what Hitler can do with the French Navy today or tomorrow, but the long-range prospect of the new navy he can build in the dockyards of France (where he finds four new 35,000-ton battleships half-completed), Italy and Germany, Holland, Denmark and Sweden, with his own ingenious engineers and unlimited resources of slave labor. Britain, with her better-developed naval yards, might run him a strong race if she were not bombed too heavily, but the United States is the slowest naval builder of all and has lagged the furthest behind in starting her new program. But that menace is a couple of years away still, and there are too many more immediate ones to give it much attention.



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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

British Tommies in Iceland

BY G. J. SIGURDSSON

The following article, by a Toronto writer, which describes the welcome afforded by the Icelandic people to the British army of occupation, is particularly pertinent at this time since a contingent of our own Canadian troops has arrived there for duty.

"I HOPE that the Icelandic nation will receive the British soldiers as guests and extend to them all due courtesy." These were the words of the Icelandic premier, Hermann Jonasson, in a broadcast to the Icelandic people on the day of occupation by the British army.

An unusual welcome by an "invaded" country to a foreign military force, but under the circumstances not unexpected. The highly democratic Icelandic government understood the necessity of the step, and although the independence of the country was technically ruined temporarily, there seem to have been no antagonistic feelings.

Pursuing their policy of "permanent neutrality," established on their declaration of independence in 1918, the government, however, issued a formal protest to the British government, but when the seven British warships hove in sight on the Reykjavik harbor, and the British Tommies—first military force ever to step on Icelandic soil—began to march into the city, everyone knew that nothing was to be feared. The excellent conduct of the soldiers, as described by the first Icelandic newspapers to reach Canada since the occupation, has confirmed this belief. In corroboration of their promises to respect the authority of the Icelandic government the British government sent a new consul, Mr. Howard Smith, previously a consul to Denmark, along with the occupying forces, and, asserting the friendly attitude of his government, he expressed his readiness to reduce to a minimum the disturbance in local affairs caused by the occupation.

The feeling of confidence on the arrival of the British forces was accentuated by the appalling accounts of numerous Norwegian refugees, who told gruesome stories of the merciless destruction of their homes by the Nazi aggressors.

Iceland has, culturally and ideologically, been moving closer to the English-speaking world.

Rich in national literary tradition, and possessing numerous significant

cultural characteristics of her own, Iceland has in previous years stood in the closest cultural connection with her friends and neighbors, the other Scandinavian countries. These have until comparatively recently been the chief source in the outside world from which Icelandic life has been influenced, and from which new developments, intellectual as well as technological, have constantly reached the island which, before the age of steam and telephone, was too isolated for easy communication with the rest of the globe. Before the foundation of the University of Iceland in 1911—separate professional schools had existed earlier—Icelandic students usually studied in Copenhagen, and a thorough knowledge of the Danish language was then, as it is to-day, considered an essential requirement for every educated Icelandic. For a while, as the number of Icelanders seeking their education in Denmark increased, Icelandic youth, in its eagerness to assimilate foreign civilization to their own, even began to speak the Danish language at home. And above all the less-than-half-educated pseudo-intellectuals thought it was "well-mannered" to introduce Danish phrases into the language in the same way as it was for a while fashionable to speak French in London, England. National pride was, however, awakened soon enough to clear the language of such abuse.

In the later years the connection with the Scandinavian countries has been as close as ever before, but more and more of the Icelandic people have been turning their foremost attention to the English-speaking world. The English language is being taught in the schools more than before, and English and American influence is becoming increasingly manifest. The thousands of Icelanders who around the turn of the last century migrated to Canada, have created among those left behind a very special interest in this country, her civilization and mode of living, her people and her importance as a part of the British Empire. More and more people who have left Iceland temporarily, have visited the British Isles and the United States. Formerly well-to-do fathers in Reykjavik would send their daughters to Copenhagen to complete their education, or in order to acquire that cosmopolitan sophistication supposedly helpful in their subsequent angling



HON. C. G. POWER, Minister of National Defence for Air, steps from the door of an Avro "Anson" plane of the type used in training pilots and observers.

for eligible bachelors. But in the last years before the war a winter in London seemed to be just the thing.

American movies dominate the Icelandic screen, with several English, Scandinavian, and a few German thrown in. And in a Reykjavik restaurant one may find a London jazz band furnishing the rhythm for an enthusiastic audience, humming American love ditties. Call that influence cultural or whatever else you please.

Since the beginning of the war the Icelanders have been cut off from most of their continental markets in Europe, and they are now feverishly attempting to find new outlets for their products from the voluminous fishing industry, as well as some of their farm products. Great Britain will probably absorb a good portion of these, and an English-Icelandic trade commission is working on further exchange of materials. New markets are also being sought in the

United States. It is thus to be expected that after the war stronger bonds, not only of friendship and understanding, but also of trade, will connect Iceland with the English-speaking democracies.

It must not be inferred, although increasing sympathy is felt at the present time towards the British Empire, that this lessens in any way the desire for complete detachment and independence. The only anxiety, apart from that concerning a possible German attack as a result of the present occupation, arises from the possibility that the independence of the country might not be fully restored after the war. At the present time the Icelanders are confident that this will be done.

I read not long ago an article emphasizing the activities of Nazi propagandists in Iceland. There have undoubtedly been such activities, but their effect has been very small. Several years ago some youngsters start-

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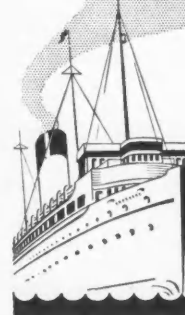
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ed what was essentially a fascist party. They decorated themselves with swastikas and marched uproariously along the streets, Nazi-fashion.

But apart from the novelty of marching feet in the streets, which never resounded with military drums, they attracted little attention, and as far

as could be observed the "party" died a quiet, natural death.

With a thousand-year-old tradition of peaceful democracy behind her the Icelandic nation abhors militarism, and nothing is more repulsive to the national character than the clamorous outcries of dictatorial agitators.



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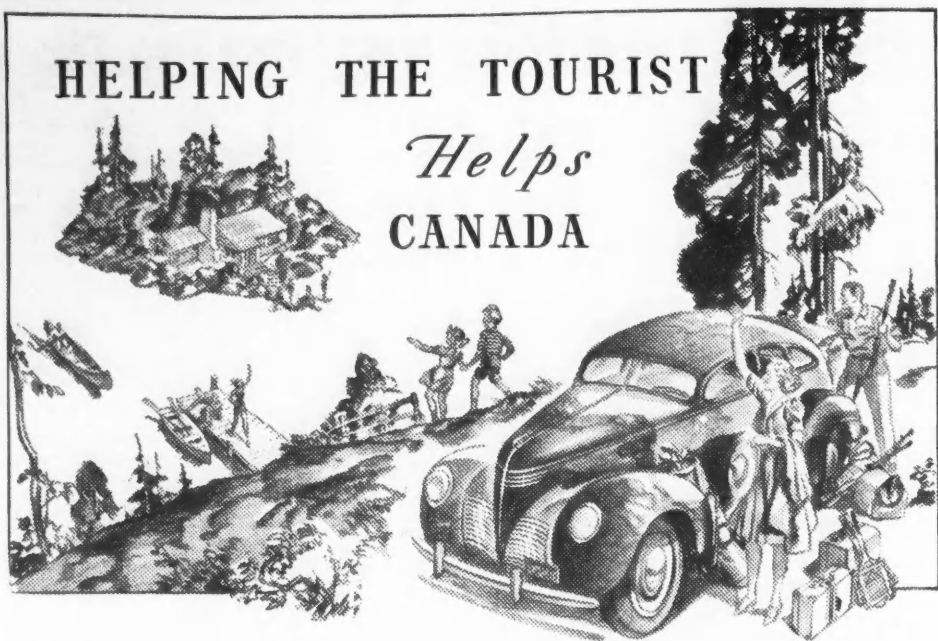
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THE CHARTERED BANKS OF CANADA

THE LONDON LETTER

They Had Tanks and More Tanks

BY P.O'D.

London, June 3rd, 1940.

ONLY yesterday I was talking to an officer of the Tank Corps about the great battle in northern France and in Flanders, and of the tactics which gave the Germans such a tremendous initial success—especially in their use of tanks. I asked him if these tactics really took the Allies by surprise, as has been stated over and over again.

"Not the tactics," he said. "They used the same tactics in Poland—tanks and low-flying bombers. We used them ourselves in the last war. As a matter of fact, we invented them."

"Then was it the size and power of their tanks, and the armament they carried?"

"To a certain extent, yes. But only to a certain extent. Their big tanks are bigger than we expected, and more heavily armed and armored. But we have big tanks, too, and so have the French. Tank against tank, we have managed to hold our own—and more."

"What was it then?" I persisted. "Just numbers—fleets and fleets of the blasted things! If you destroyed ten, a hundred came rolling up. If you destroyed a hundred, there were thousands behind. They kept hurling them in. Finally, of course, they crashed through—by sheer weight of metal. If you have that many tanks, and don't care what happens to them, you are bound to get through in the end. The only answer is to have more tanks than they have—more and more and more."

That is the opinion of a practical tankman, who has spent several years in the Corps. Apparently it is the opinion of the Government, too, for one of the first things Herbert Morrison has done is to appoint a special Tank Board, with Sir Alexander Roger at the head of it. The announcement was made in the House last week. There could hardly be a bigger job, or a better man for it. The only surprising thing about it is that it shouldn't have been done long ago.

Roger is one of those quiet, rather dour, but exceedingly able and forceful men that constitute almost the



WAR-TIME FASHION. An armourer's mate carries ammunition to one of the machines of the British Fleet Air Arm. The airdrome at which naval ratings are undergoing an intensive training course is known as H.M.S. Kestrel.

chief export of Scotland. He is from Aberdeen, and is sixty-two. Even during the last war he made his mark in the Ministry of Munitions—a large enough mark to earn his knighthood. Since then he has gone in for building up huge electrical undertakings—he is chairman of British Insulated Cables—and especially for re-building companies that have got into difficulties. If anybody can turn out tanks, the best possible tanks in the largest possible numbers, he surely can.

"Watch and Be Ready"

Having evacuated tens of thousands of London children to the south-east coast, the authorities are now busy re-evacuating them (horrid word!) to places in Wales and the Midlands, where they will or should be much safer. Also the local children whose parents are willing to let them go—

and most of them apparently are willing nowadays. The booming of guns just across the Channel is a great incentive to decision in this matter.

Whether or not Hitler attempts an invasion of England on any considerable scale—it still seems as surely doomed to failure as ever—there can be little doubt that we are going to be ruthlessly bombed. And when it does come, the part of the country that is going to get it hottest and heaviest is the corner running south and east from London. And, of course, London itself. So there is obviously every reason to get the children away.

In the meantime the various reception committees are going swiftly on with their preparations for such foreign guests as may drop in on us by parachute or troop-carrying plane. Bridges are being taken up or mined, trees cut down in the line of fire from defensive positions, cross-road signs removed—anything that might let Jerry know where he is, or help him on his way.

Preparations are even being made, so it is said, for the flooding of Romney Marsh, if it should become necessary—the great flat stretch of grazing land that runs from Hastings to Hythe. It is only a century and a half ago that it really was a marsh, and there would be no particular difficulty about making it a marsh again—just a matter of blowing gaps in the wide, green banks that keep the tides within bounds.

Quaint and lovely old Rye may wake up one of these days to find itself looking out from its little hill across a waste of waters, as it did in ancient times. But Rye is used to invasions and invasion-scars. It has had many of them in the course of its long history—though not since the days of Napoleon. The round, squat martello towers still stand along the shore as reminders of the time when his army waited just across the Channel, as Hitler's does, for the chance that never came. Perhaps it won't come this time either. But now as then the slogan is, "Watch and be ready."

Bad Days for Clubs

War is a bad time for clubmen—meaning a man who sits in a club, and not a fellow who goes around armed with something of the sort. The last war saw the end of a good many London clubs, and this one seems likely to see the end of a good many more. Soon the middle-aged Londoner, who wants to get away from his family, will have to go and sit in a cinema—in the intervals of sitting in an air-raid shelter.

Arthur's is the latest to go. It has been closed down, and the handsome building in St. James's street, with its classical pillars and its air of eighteenth-century dignity and leisure, is empty. Its history goes back to the days of the chocolate houses, from which all London clubs have really sprung. On that site in 1697 stood White's Chocolate House. John Arthur was his manager and assistant. Thus did two famous clubs get their names—White's as well as Arthur's.

A lot of London's social history centres around those old clubs. It is sad to see them disappear—with very little prospect of recovery.

Hardy's Centenary

It is so short a time since Thomas Hardy died—only twelve years—that it comes almost as a surprise to find people commemorating the centenary of his birth. But it is, none the less, a hundred years since he was born near Dorchester, in that lovely West Country which he was to make famous once more as Wessex.

In spite of the dreadful necessities and anxieties of the present time, the occasion is not being overlooked—largely, perhaps, because there is something in the quality of his genius peculiarly akin to the mood of the nation now, something grim but serene. People are turning to his work today as they haven't done for many years; and the tributes to his memory are whole-hearted and impressive. It is recognized that he was not only a great artist, but also a great man—as really great artists usually are.

The legend of Hardy's pessimism remains, as does the legend of the obscurity of Henry James. Certainly Hardy would never be described as a cheerful writer—except in "Under the Greenwood Tree." He was deeply conscious of the folly and sufferings of human beings, and of the heavy hand that fate lays upon them. But he never lost his belief in the nobility of the enduring human soul. If Chesterton were writing about him today, I don't think he would say, as he did once before, that Hardy's novels were chiefly concerned with "the village atheist moaning over the village idiot."

However that may be, there is something in the grim sincerity of Hardy's work that appeals to the readers of today, who have so much to face and endure. Besides, Hardy was a great poet of war. There are many critics who think that his chief claim to immortality lies in his Napoleonic epic, "The Dynasts." A good way of commemorating his centenary would be to read it—or read it again. In fact, I think I'll take my own advice.



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SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 29, 1940

P. M. Richards,
Financial Editor

The Economics of Our British Alliance

BY H. F. NICHOLSON

Between 1914 and 1939 the nature of the connection between the United Kingdom and Canada underwent revolutionary change. The Dominion threw off the last traces of colonial status. The developments of the last quarter-century involved the acceptance by this country of absolute responsibility for the part it would play in a war.

Canada's ability to share in a collective war effort has proportionately increased. In 1914 Canada could, perhaps, add 10 per cent. to the war effort of the United Kingdom. Now the share of the war effort we could bear has increased to at least 25 per cent.—a percentage which might mean the difference between winning or losing a war.

When the German armies invaded the Low Countries, the succession of military disasters to the Allies set in motion all the pent-up doubts of Canadians as to the efficacy of our preparations to participate in the War, and argument on this point has waxed increasingly bitter ever since.

It must not be forgotten that there was not, at any time, anything approaching unanimity of approval by the public of the war measures adopted by the government. Indeed, despite the fact that the election of March 26 gave the government an unprecedented majority in the House of Commons, this was accomplished by a comparatively small majority of the popular vote, and there can be no doubt that, of those who voted against the government, many were definitely discontented with the scale of our war activities.

When the storm of criticism broke during May, its force was directed chiefly against supposed failure of government policies in two fields: Lack of adequate measures of recruiting for the fighting forces, and lack of provision of equipment and munitions—both for our own forces and for the Allies.

Criticism Too Acrid

As was to be expected in a moment when the realization of the gravity of the danger to civilization came home with incredible speed, the tone of criticism was, in many cases, too violent and too acrid. It went so far as to cast imputations on the loyalty of individual members of the administration.

It was most unfortunate that, sensing the wave of public discontent, many critics of the government thought that the opportunity was an ideal one to revive political strife, and gave first attention to alleged errors of policy going back, in some cases, two years or more. It was equally unfortunate, however, that, partly as a result of this sort of provocation, and partly as the result of the small-mindedness which restrains men from admitting error, the government spokesmen gave their first attention to defending their record, rather than to statements indicating readiness to revise and expand our national war activities to meet the needs of the moment.

The folly of this course was easily discernible. The defence was based on statements that no one had foreseen the true nature of the crisis, and the only logical extension of that defence would have been to set aside as fatuous all criticism of past effort, and to announce the adoption of a policy suited to the emergency. Examination of the pages of Hansard will indicate how little time was given by Government spokesmen, in the early days of the present session, to descriptions of enlarged war activities, and how much was devoted to defence of policies which were now admitted to have been inadequate. A government with a colossal majority did not need to waste time in this way.

Befogs the Issues

The result of this type of criticism of defence is to befog the issues, and to prevent us from even yet grasping the size of the problems which confront us, and this can only be done if we try to return out of the thorny thicket of party squabbles to the higher ground from which we can see the whole situation clearly, and that higher ground cannot be attained unless we forget completely even the names of the individuals who have been responsible for defining our war policies; if we remember only that they were the unquestionably authorized agents of the Canadian people, and that, up to a month ago at any rate, their policies had received only minor criticism in general discussion, and in the public press.

This analysis is, therefore, not based on any attempt to allot blame to anyone. It is an attempt to indicate what our national policy should have been from the outbreak of the war, and what it must now become—if there still be time. In order to do

this, it is, unfortunately, necessary to examine one particular line of defence used by spokesmen for the government in recent weeks — i.e., the statement that all blame for lack of activity in Canada must be placed on incorrect policies of the government of the United Kingdom. We have been told, ad nauseam, that the limits of our policy of recruiting men for the fighting forces were set by Whitehall, and that the scale of production of material of war for the use of the Allied forces was equally established by the authorities of the United Kingdom.

There are certain side issues that it is not necessary to examine in any detail. To complete the picture, they may, however, be mentioned. There is the fact, to which this writer will testify without the least hesitation, that even the limited policies of Canadian participation in the War which were adopted were incompetently executed. The organization and recruiting of even those forces which were authorized was badly arranged. Their equipment was too slowly provided and represented an inadequate use of manufacturing facilities in Canada.

On the other hand, even to the extent that the Canadian government showed enterprise and ability in mobilizing Canadian productive facilities for the manufacture of equipment for the Allies, there were cases of delay in obtaining necessary plans and specifications which can only be blamed on the authorities of the United Kingdom.

These, however, are side issues, and the main question which should



GOING PLACES!

be examined is whether the entire war policy of this country was adequate—even for conditions as they were known, and to what extent any inadequacy must be charged to Whitehall or to Ottawa.

Careful enquiries from informed sources in England as well as here would indicate that failure to encourage Canada to provide a large expeditionary force was an erroneous British decision, but it must be remembered that this can only go as far as concerns the despatch of troops to the United Kingdom. Failure to provide a reasonably large army on the part of a nation at war is not a failure which can be blamed on any advice received from Allied sources. In the case of Canada it would seem reasonable to say that the despatch of a single division to the United Kingdom was a decision depending on the government of the United Kingdom, but that the slow organization and equipment of a Second Division, and the failure to provide a

Third Division at a much earlier date than was the case, are legitimately to be blamed on the Canadian government.

In the case of provision of material of war, the situation is definitely more complex. It is now clearly unquestioned that the British refusal to purchase largely in Canada was deliberately taken, for the erroneous reason that it was believed that Britain could herself provide the great bulk of her requirements of material —with the exception of airplanes, which were to be purchased in the United States—and that this was a desirable course, because it would enable the United Kingdom to conserve foreign exchange.

The tragic unwisdom of this decision is apparent now, and the people of the United Kingdom have made it clear that they have held the government which took it to strict account.

Unfortunately, however, it does

(Continued on Page 11)

Comprehensive Policy Is Urgent Need

BY DONALD FIELDS

It has become a sort of fad to find out things Hitler has done, or is supposed to have done, and to tell us that we ought to learn them from him.

Thus it is said, for instance, that Hitler did not vote money for planes, but planes themselves, and that we ought to do the same. This reasoning overlooks that it took Hitler more than two years after he got into power to reach the stage where he could act like this. The two years were filled with a gigantic social and economic struggle which we do not want to repeat here, and which we have no time to repeat.

The struggle was chiefly due to the absence of a clear-cut economic policy of the Nazis. The importance of such a policy in the democratic countries is discussed here, partly by showing the consequences of its lack in Germany.

THE characters and events in the prologue to this article are entirely imaginary and have no relation to any living persons or contemporary events.

There is a general election in a democratic country "somewhere in the world." A certain political party obtains the majority of the seats in parliament, and its leader is charged by the head of the state with forming a government. A lawyer who was elected on the ticket of the party is, in the usual manner, appointed minister of health.

Immediately he notifies all public hospitals of the country that he reserves for himself the right of performing operations on patients in those hospitals. There is a great outcry. Many of the wealthy patients do not trust their own better judgment concerning the powers of a minister, and go to private clinics over which the minister has only an indirect influence.

But the poor patients who are in the public hospitals at public expense cannot go to private clinics, they have to submit to the whim and the dilettantism of the minister. Many of them die needlessly under his knife.

On the whole the minister's administration is considered a success.

Ridiculous?

What a ridiculous story, you say. Quite so. But wait a minute.

A little later there is a cabinet reshuffle. Our lawyer is promoted to the ministry of economics.

Accustomed to superhuman work he goes to his office on the Sunday following his appointment. The telephone lines are disconnected, the members of the staff are out picnicking, and the charwomen have a real rest for lack of money to pay for a successful week-end. Everything is peaceful, and the minister studies the files of his new department. When he goes home in the evening he is not only a thorough expert, but he feels ready for great deeds.

Rapidly, within the next few weeks, he nationalizes the central bank, or denationalizes it (as the case may be); he raises tariffs, or lowers them; he introduces exchange control, or abolishes it; he depreciates the currency, or initiates deflation; he fosters trade unionism, or throtles it.

There is a world-wide depression, and when the torrent of the minister's measures dries up it becomes clear that he has not only failed to mitigate the impact of the depression on his country, but that things are worse there than in other countries. He must go. When he takes leave of his staff, he says: "Well, luck was against me." Profound to the last; for indeed if you do not know what you are doing, you must at least have plenty of luck to do it. Anyway, his public career is ended, and so is our prologue. Ridiculous?

Planes or Money?

A few weeks ago Mr. Ford spoke the now famous words of the thousands of aeroplanes he could produce per day. Many eager people in the Allied camp, and well-meaning people in the United States have since given a great deal of thought to his proposition. It is natural that these thoughts should turn to comparisons, and the most important comparison is that with Germany.

It is said that the Nazis did not vote money for their aeroplanes, but that they voted aeroplanes. And it is widely demanded that this ought to be done in the Allied countries, and in the United States, too. "If Hitler had had Mr. Ford," as one author puts it, "he would have told Mr. Ford to turn out the model he claims he can produce in clouds and masses; he would release to the fullest the energies in Mr. Ford's remarkable organization, and he would give Mr. Ford full freedom to see whether he could deliver the goods, without interference from bureaucrats or politicians."

We hope that this happens between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Ford. To believe that it happened between Hitler and his industrialists is a dangerous

fallacy. To wish that it happened on this North American continent in the way it happened in Germany is dangerous policy, even if it happened in democratic form.

Hitler and Labor

When Hitler came into power he had many other things to attend to before he could order aeroplanes (or armaments in general). He had, above all, to pay the bills which the industrialists presented to him for having put him in the saddle. He paid them by crushing organized labor. This increased the spirit of social revolution in the left wing of the Nazi party, and although organized labor was as dead as a doornail in May, 1933, there was a wide-spread and sustained clamor for the "second revolution," which was supposed to be the social revolution, whereas the seizure of power was called the first revolution.

We know that this clamor came to an abrupt end on June 30, 1934, when the notorious Roehm, and some thousands and others, were killed. It seems to be true that Roehm was, in the measure in which a Nazi can be honest, a sincere socialist.

Thereafter Hitler was ready to give orders for aeroplanes. But industry was even then not ready, that is willing, to accept them. They said it would be bad foreign policy, and they meant it would be bad business. The outcome was not that the private management of industry was replaced by a state bureaucracy, but it was superseded by one which is as corrupt as it is gigantic, as oppressive as it is comprehensive.

That in spite of this apparatus with its enormous flood of rules and regulations, restriction and interference, pit-falls and graft, Hitler's war machine was built up in not more than four years proves the possibilities of modern technique. It proves that these possibilities cannot be frustrated by anything but lack of will.

Wealth and Patriotism

Much has been said recently about the preparedness of wealth to pursue not directly, but, if one may say so, by default, unpatriotic purposes. It has been said, quite rightly, that if it does not pay wealth to make armaments, then armaments are not made; and that this failure is cloaked in patriotic mimicry. This is exactly what happened in Germany. The refusal of German industry to expand the manufacture of armaments, as late as two years after the beginning of the Hitler regime, was unpatriotic in the eyes of that regime.

But when the resistance was finally overcome the way was not yet free from the organization point of view. Even in the most chaotic bureaucracy, as that of the Nazis undoubtedly is, there must be a unity of purpose, and a clear conception of the goal; there must be a recognition of what is possible, and a thorough knowledge of the dead-end side tracks.

To those who have given some time to studying the German economic development under Hitler it is obvious that the first two ingredients were present in supreme perfection. The two others were hardly there at all. Their absence was so marked that, in the well-considered opinion of this writer, the Nazis were not ready to strike in September last. Or, rather, they thought they were not ready, but they struck because they felt that their industrial apparatus was beginning to crumble, and because, looking at their impoverished economy, they could not conceive that the mighty democratic countries would not leave them far behind, in a short time, with regard to material. Where were the innocents; at home or abroad? Change the sides, and you will still be right.

Clear Conception

The result which is so forcibly demonstrated to the world now was achieved in Germany, as we said, by the unity of purpose and the clear conception of the goal, plus a staggering amount of economic and financial

(Continued on Page 9)

THE BUSINESS FRONT

How You Can Help

BY P. M. RICHARDS

IN the last war, in the period before Britain had conscription, a bad day on the Western Front always meant that British recruiting depots had a flood of applicants for enlistment the next morning. The worse the news, the greater the number of enlistments, which fact seemed to show that the heart of British youth was sound enough. Britain, of course, was not and is not a bellicose nation; unlike Germany, its people believe war is horrible rather than noble and uplifting and its men enlist for war only because they are needed.

Similarly in this country, the deterioration in the position of the Allies culminating in the fall of France and development of the most serious threat to Britain since Napoleon marshalled his Grand Army at Boulogne has been accompanied by a progressive rise in the war spirit of the Canadian people, who ordinarily are entirely unmilitaristic. There is evident a general and very intense and genuine desire to be of service to the nation's and the Empire's cause in this emergency. Young and old want to serve, and men too old for the fighting services importune the government for ways to help.

"They also serve who only stand and wait," wrote John Milton. Canadians who don't want to "stand and wait" may well consider that there are ways of serving other than in the army or in the dollar-a-year ranks at Ottawa. Though not the most dramatic, an excellent way to help the cause is to put extra effort into one's own job. If every man and woman determined to make his or her work more effective and productive than it was hitherto, the result would inevitably be to strengthen the Canadian war effort and the whole economy.

A Real Contribution

The contribution would be a real one, whether or not the individual job had any direct connection with the war program or not, because the effectiveness of the war effort depends on the state of health of the national economy, which in turn depends upon the soundness of all its component parts. A business which manufactures lip-sticks, by providing employment, paying taxes and contributing to the national purchasing power, sustains the factory which produces shells. Maybe the lipstick factory should itself be making shells instead of lip-sticks, but that's for the government to decide; in the meantime the factory can aim to turn out more and better lip-sticks.

To carry on with all one's vigor in the job at hand or in the job to which one may be put is to

do one's bit in this war, even though one is not a combatant. We can't all be combatants, and neither Britain nor Canada wants us to be. Apparently Britain needs planes and other material much more than she needs men, other than those to man the planes. She certainly doesn't want unnecessary mouths to feed.

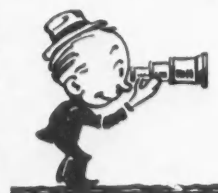
And doing our own jobs—a bit better than we have done them hitherto—is going to call for plenty of energy and determination, because business is getting tougher. Government control, of the kind that we have now and are going to have in still greater degree through the rest of the war, plus the direct disruptions of war itself, means that business conditions are going to be unlike anything we have known before. In many cases normal markets are disappearing, and others must be found to replace them. There will be less demand for some products, and new demands will spring up, with plenty of need for adjustment and adaptation.

Don't Talk Pessimistically

One can also contribute to the Empire cause by refraining from pessimistic talk that might undermine the courage and will-to-carry-on of those around one. If a nation is made of good stuff, adversity strengthens and toughens it, up to a point; but beyond that there may tend to develop a "what's the use?" spirit. That's defeatism, and thoroughly un-British. Napoleon wasn't really beaten by Wellington and Blucher at the battle of Waterloo but by Britain's "never say die" spirit through the long, hard years preceding it. The spirit that beat Napoleon can and will beat Hitler.

Sentiment has its part, of course, in determining Canada's attitude toward this war, and rightly so, for Canada is British and reveres the British tradition; but reason is operative too. France's collapse has brought Nazism much closer to the American hemisphere. Canada knows—and the United States is rapidly coming to know it too—that the menace to Britain is also a menace to this continent.

With the elimination of France, the British Empire alone carries freedom's flag on the battlefield. Thus Britain and her Empire again fill their historic role. It's the British commonwealth of free nations, with all their enormous resources, against an economically over-extended Germany surrounded by conquered peoples who yearn to pull her down. Which should have the greater reason for confidence?



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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

McMARMAC RED LAKE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Some time ago you very kindly outlined the McMarmac Red Lake situation for me. I would appreciate it if you would briefly give me the picture as it stands today. Have development results been up to expectations?

—L. R. D., London, Ont.

Yes, I understand development results at McMarmac Red Lake Gold Mines have been up to expectations and officials are now giving consideration to milling plans, with an early decision anticipated. An initial rate of 75 tons daily has been suggested. The operation is being financed by the adjoining McKenzie Red Lake and funds for construction of a mill would likely be provided by the taking up of shares under option, although there has been no announcement of this.

While the orebodies on the two levels established at 160 and 310 feet have not been completely developed as yet, millheads grading around \$30 a ton are expected. An unusually high grade of ore has been opened up and results on the second level stated to be better than on the first. The suggested grade indicates that McMarmac will be one of the richest producers in the Red Lake area.

CONSOLIDATED PAPER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Will you kindly explain to me why Consolidated Paper Corporation is going to pay its bond interest in common stock? I know of no one in whom I have as much confidence as I have in your columns. Can the company ever pay its interest in cash? I am somewhat puzzled about the whole set-up and would like to have your explanation.

—S. V. C., Winnipeg, Man.

Interest on Consolidated Paper Corporation's 5½ per cent first mortgage bonds was on a non-cumulative basis up to July 2, 1936, and was payable only if earned; none was paid. Interest due from July 2, 1936, to July 2, 1939, was paid by issuing 15 shares of common stock for each \$1,000 principal amount of bonds held.

If the net working capital on the preceding April 30 in any year is in excess of \$10,000,000, interest may be paid in cash, provided that such payment does not reduce net working capital below \$10,000,000. However, interest may be paid in stock at



HOWARD SMITH

Editor, Gold & Dross:

Right now I'm thinking of buying some of the common stock of Howard Smith Paper Mills, Ltd. I want to get some information as to the outlook for the company, its set-up—what it makes, etc.—and how earnings this year are likely to compare with those of 1939. I think the stock is a good buy in this weak market. Do you agree?

—D. J. B., Port Arthur, Ont.

Yes, I do. The position of the company has improved and the outlook is for a continuance of the favorable trend; and as far as I can see, the market has not yet discounted the general betterment.

Howard Smith Paper Mills, Limited, has been working at capacity since last Fall and indications are that it will continue to go all out for some time to come. The Spring, especially March, is the most important sales period in the fine paper industry and this year sufficient business was placed on the company's books to keep its mills busy for a considerable period. Howard Smith makes all its sulphite pulp requirements for paper manufacture; it has, in fact, a small surplus which it markets at present advanced prices.

Earnings for 1940 are dependent, in part, on possible tax and cost increases. At the time of writing, earnings are running well ahead of 1939's \$3.10 per share, and it is very likely that a gain will be shown for the full year, even with the heavier war imposts which the company will be asked to carry.

BRALORNE

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have been watching Bralorne for some time and consider it one of the best buys on the Board. Are there some facts that I may be overlooking or do you agree with me that earnings, dividends, ore and cash position make this an attractive investment at today's prices?

—S. R. W., New Westminster, B.C.

Yes, I would consider Bralorne a very attractive buy at current prices. Paying 80 cents and extras of 40 cents, or a total of \$1.20 a share annually, means a return of approximately 15 per cent. The present price at which it is selling is attributable to international conditions and just approximately covers the liquid assets of the company, along with the estimated possible operating profit from known ore reserves. Both the present position and outlook for the future appear quite favorable.

A new profit of \$1.52 per share was reported for last year, the best in the company's history, which compared with \$1.43 in the previous 12 months. Ore reserves at December 31, 1939, were estimated at 710,000 tons of \$18.67 grade (at \$38.50 gold), worth over \$13,000,000 and sufficient for about four years at present mill capacity. Substantial additions to reserves are likely as five levels to the fourteenth are only partially developed, and the six new levels to the twentieth practically untouched. The company's working capital at the present time is likely in excess of \$2,000,000.

ABITIBI

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am a preferred shareholder of Abitibi Power & Paper Company and I want to know just where I stand in view of the recent court order for the sale of the company. I thought the position of the company was improving so fast that this sale would not go through and maybe the preferred shareholders would receive something for the money they put into it. Is there any chance of the sale not going through?

—A. S. H., Toronto, Ont.

Very little, I think. As you say, Mr. Justice Middleton recently ordered the sale of the assets of Abitibi Power and Paper Company on October 16, 1940, and a motion for leave to appeal that decision was refused by the Supreme Court of Ontario. Which means that the Symington plan will go into effect.

Under the plan advanced by H. J. Symington's Bondholders' Representative Committee, the procedure is this: the assets of Abitibi Power & Paper Company will be sold to a new concern. At the sale, the Committee will bid in the assets and satisfy the price by the surrender of deposited bonds and coupons and such cash as might be required to satisfy dissenting bondholders. Present 7 per cent. preferred shareholders will receive warrants to buy 12 shares of common stock at \$38 per share prior to January 1, 1941, to \$41 per share prior to July 1, 1942. Present 6 per cent. preferred shareholders would receive warrants for 4 shares of new common stock and common shareholders warrants for one-tenth of a share of common stock, subject to the above-mentioned conditions. The new company will, under the plan, have a capitalization of 1,930,680 shares, and authority will be asked to issue up to \$10,000,000 of bonds, debentures, or preferred stock to pay off non-depositing bondholders as well as provide necessary working capital to an amount not exceeding \$2,000,000. Abitibi's earnings are improving.

(Continued on Next Page)

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST
BY HARUSPEX

The Cyclical or major direction of stock prices was last confirmed as downward. The Short-Term movement was confirmed as upward on June 12.

THE MARKET TREND

New York stock prices, on June 12, completed an upward zigzag pattern, as discussed herein last week, thereby signalling the short-term movement as forward. Such a demonstration has often signalled a full secondary correction to a preceding movement. The preceding movement, in the current instance, was the decline culminating around points Industrials 111.84, Rails 22.14. A normal technical correction would call for a ½ to ¾ cancellation of this decline carrying to the 126/139 area on the Dow-Jones industrial average.

Notable panic breaks in the stock market, of which the May decline is the last example, occurred in 1906 over the San Francisco disaster; in 1929, when the Hatry failure in London caused heavy gold withdrawals from the U.S. banking system; in 1933, when Mr. Roosevelt threw over the world economic conference; in 1937, when the public wrote off New Deal economic ledger-main as a way to solid recovery. In each instance these panic breaks were followed by substantial rallies and then a return by one or both averages to below the panic bottoms.

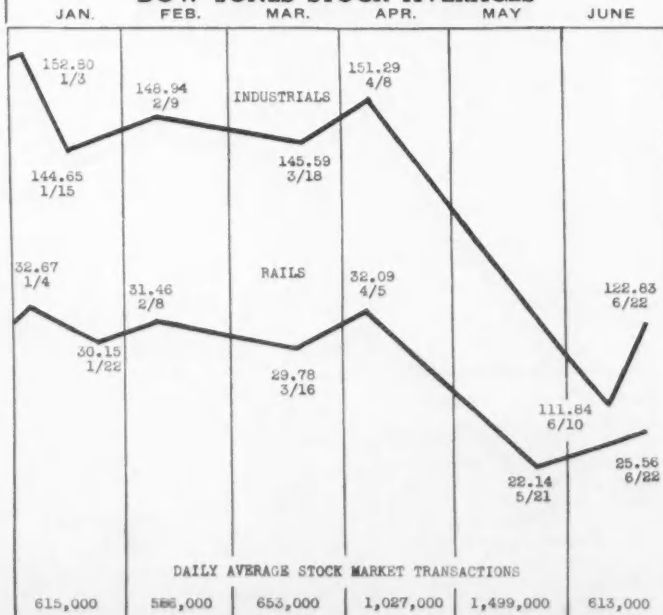
RENEWAL OF PRESSURE

At a not remote point ahead it is to be anticipated that the German armed forces will be concentrated against the British Isles. Even if final success fails to attend these German efforts, it is at least probable that Hitler's military machine, based upon its showing in the prior Norwegian, Belgian, and French campaigns, will give Great Britain's sympathizers, including the United States, some extremely uncomfortable moments. At such time the stock market will undoubtedly be subjected to renewed pressure.

Whether, under such pressure, the market will move below its panic lows may, to some degree, hinge on how able the British defenses prove and how much the recent American defense program has affected the domestic earnings outlook for the better. In the light of precedent, however, as discussed in a preceding paragraph, the more conservative assumption would be an expectation that the panic lows were to be tested and possibly broken.

Accordingly, such purchasing as was not effected during the recent market weakness should now be tentatively withheld awaiting such decline as will come in the wake of the current corrective rally.

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Dividend Notices

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

DIVIDEND NO. 214

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of two per cent in Canadian funds on the paid-up capital stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st July 1940 and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Thursday, 1st August next, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th June 1940. The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board
A. E. ARSCOTT
General Manager

Toronto, 7th June 1940

Provincial Paper Limited

Notice is hereby given that Regular Quarterly Dividend of 1 1/2% on Preferred Stock has been declared by PROVINCIAL PAPER LIMITED, payable July 2nd, 1940 to shareholders of record as at close of business June 15th, 1940, in Canadian Funds.

(Signed) W. S. BARBER,
Secretary-Treasurer.

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA

DIVIDEND NO. 200

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend of two and one-half per cent (2 1/2%) has been declared for the quarter ending the 31st July, 1940, payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after Thursday, the 1st day of August next, to shareholders of record of 29th June, 1940.

By order of the Board,
H. T. JAFFRAY,
General Manager.

Toronto, 12th June, 1940.

The Toronto Mortgage Company

Quarterly Dividend

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of \$1.25 per Share, upon the paid-up Capital Stock of this Company, has been declared for the current Quarter, and that the same will be payable on and after 2nd July, 1940, to Shareholders of record on the books of the Company at the close of business on 15th inst.

By order of the Board,
WALTER GILLESPIE,
Manager.

7th June, 1940.

Canada Bud Breweries Limited

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty Cents (20c) per share on the 150,000 outstanding no par value common shares of Canada Bud Breweries Limited, has been declared payable on the 5th day of July, 1940, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th day of June, 1940.

By order of the Board of Directors,
J. S. FITZGERALD,
Secretary-Treasurer.

Toronto,
June 19th, 1940.

Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Limited

DIVIDEND NUMBER 333

EXTRA DIVIDEND NUMBER 62

A regular dividend of 1%, and an extra dividend of 1%, making 2% in all, have been declared by the Directors on the Capital Stock of the Company, payable on the 15th day of July, 1940, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the 29th day of June, 1940.

DATED the 22nd day of June, 1940.
I. McIVOR,
Assistant-Treasurer.

MARITIME MINING

THE mining operations of the Maritime provinces of Canada are carried on in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Prince Edward Island, the "Garden of the Gulf," and third province of the Maritime group, is predominantly an agricultural and fisheries province. Coal is the leading mineral of Nova Scotia, though gold production has increased in recent years. Nova Scotia provides the second largest production of coal in the Dominion, being exceeded only by that of Alberta. Fuels—including coal, natural gas and petroleum—and structural materials are the main elements in New Brunswick's mineral output. Nova Scotia produces a considerable variety of industrial minerals and New Brunswick is a source of gypsum and grindstones.

GOLD & DROSS

(Continued from Page 8)

Net earnings for May were \$817,457, against \$237,830 in the similar period of 1939—a gain of 245 per cent. And it is estimated that this gain will be even more pronounced in June. Total net earnings for the first 5 months of 1940 amounted to \$2,563,096, as compared with \$851,530 in the 1939 period and \$1,703,882 in 1937. Indications are that full-year results in 1940 will outstrip 1937's net income of \$3,053,965, before bond interest.

TECK-HUGHES

Editor, Gold & Dross:

As I have some Teck-Hughes Gold Mine stock for which I paid \$6 a share, do you think it would be advisable to trade it for some other stock? Or would you hang on? If so, will you please give me your reasons?

—P. G. K., Stratford, Ont.

I do not think I would be in any hurry to dispose of Teck-Hughes, which at present is only selling at about six times earning and returning a yield of about 15 per cent. While the ore reserves at the Kirkland Lake property are slowly declining and chances of finding another important orebody considered unlikely, the mine appears to yet have several years' life ahead of it. Teck-Hughes, however, is now beginning to reap the benefit of the earning power of Lamaque, its Quebec subsidiary.

The actual break-up value of Teck-Hughes is above the present price of the shares, without allowing for any other assets than the net working capital and holdings of 2,144,000 shares of Lamaque Gold Mines. Net current assets as of August 31 last, amounted close to \$3,400,000. In the last fiscal year the original property contributed 22 cents out of a total net of 42 cents. In the current fiscal year Lamaque dividends should equal around 23 cents a share of Teck-Hughes, while income from the parent property should compare favorably.



EXCHANGE VICE-PRESIDENT. T. A. Richardson, of F. O'Hearn & Co., is the newly-elected vice-president of the Toronto Stock Exchange. He has been a member of the managing committee for several years. Originally on the old Standard Stock & Mining Exchange, he became senior partner of F. O'Hearn & Co. on the retirement of Mr. O'Hearn from the business.

DARKWATER

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I have not noticed a quotation for a long time for Darkwater Mines, which was listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. I am wondering if the company has passed out of existence. What are the chances of ever getting any of my investment back?

—R. J. E., Campbellton, N.B.

Darkwater Mines was removed from listing on the Toronto Stock Exchange last year, and while the company is still in existence there is no market at present for the shares. The property is inactive and the company has no plans for resumption of operations in the near future, due to inability to secure additional funds with which to

pay off the indebtedness and provide working capital, hence your chances of getting back any of your speculation is indefinite.

The balance sheet as of March 31 last, showed \$1,071 cash and receivables, against current liabilities of \$3,075, plus demand loan of \$30,033.

DUFFERIN PAVING

Editor, Gold & Dross:

I am holding some of the Series "A" 5 per cent, debentures of Dufferin Paving & Crushed Stone, Limited, and now that James Franceschini has been locked up, I'm very worried and would like you to clear up the situation for me. In the first place, what connection has Franceschini with Dufferin Paving. I thought he was president of Dufferin Construction. But more important, are debenture holders going to be paid just the same or will payments be suspended?

—J. C. L., Edmonton, Man.

Debenture holders of Dufferin Paving & Crushed Stone will continue to receive their interest as it is earned. The Secretary of State appointed Price Waterhouse & Company as controllers of the company and its subsidiary paving and supply companies when James Franceschini was taken into custody on the outbreak of war with Italy. James Franceschini's connection with the Dufferin Paving & Crushed Stone, Limited is this: Franceschini is president of Dufferin Construction Company which controls Dufferin Paving through full ownership of the common stock.

Normal operations of Dufferin Paving are being continued. All government and other contracts held by Dufferin Paving and its subsidiaries are being filled without interruption and directors have advised the controllers that the companies have adequate resources, and the necessary technical and operating staffs to enable them to carry out all contracts presently held in addition to any further work for which tenders may be submitted.

Comprehensive Policy Needed

(Continued from Page 7)

muddling. It took Schacht all his skill not to lose his grip on the situation, and if the thing did not collapse for eight months after he had gone, it was only because the muddle had almost become a self-perpetuating system. What would have happened without Schacht? It does not help us to think of the beautiful picture.

But we must think of this. When Hitler took Schacht as his economic right-hand man he knew full-well that all things crooked are the joy of that political and economic chameleon. Yet he took him, not because Schacht happened at that time to be a Nazi, but because the "wizard" was prepared to make the Auean Nazi stable habitable up to the desired point. And indeed, if Schacht occasionally showed feelings of economic propriety, they never went so far as to cause him to clean the stable; he only removed some of the filth so as to keep the entrance free.

Hitler knew that his own party economists were after an entirely changed economic system; and he did not want to wait for the greater things he had in mind until the change was carried out. Moreover, he knew that his party economists were too weak-minded to manage any economic system at all, whereas Schacht could at least manage the one in existence.

In discussing America's change-over to an armory economy John T. Flynn says: "Would it not be a good idea to summon a council of the ablest economists to study measures for protecting the country's economic soundness? Summon, not friends of this politician or that Secretary, but the ablest economic authorities in the country. The government will not have to take their advice. But it would be a good idea to get it."

Need for Guidance

An extremely good idea. But there is this to be said. Economists have, apart from being economists, personal and political convictions, and often allegiances, quite the same as other people. And if sometimes, as for instance in the case of Marxists, political convictions and professional postulates coincide, in other cases they do not. He who is familiar with the teachings of present-day economic schools of thought can easily see when and where political administrations adopt the ideas of one or another of these schools, normally without knowing anything about them, and very seldom at the right time.

This says nothing against the intelligence of such administrations. After all, if a country had in a remote corner of the world fiddles about with batteries and other electrical gadgets, and invents something akin to radio, his ingenuity is hardly inferior to that of Marconi; only it could be turned to better account if properly guided. And if governments fiddle about with economic measures and arrive, often at a great social cost, at failures and conclusions which Adam Smith could have clearly foretold, it is likewise true that their ingenuity could be turned to better account if properly guided.

It is only sterile dreamers who believe, and malicious beneficiaries who pretend to believe, that political democracy is undivorcably married

to a particular way of doing business, whereas in fact "liberal economy" means a way of life and not only a way of doing business. Not even the much more inflexible dictatorships are tied to a certain economic system. To Hitler, for instance, all economic activity above the level of manual work is something abominable, plutocratic, undignified. If he voted planes, and not money for planes, he did it not because he has a keener insight than other people into things economic, but because he does not want to have an insight at all. This explains Schacht. It explains the struggle to the last ditch between Nazi government and vested interests; the struggle between and within vested interests; the incredible corruption of the whole affair; and last but not least its anarchy and its desired success.

No Economic Policy

But the chief point is this. There was complete absence of an economic policy from the top. However, there was an economic program, or what went for one; that devised under the supreme power by an (in Nazis eyes) outstanding economic authority.

Many people may be fascinated by one point only; the success. But the same success could have been achieved in Germany at a smaller cost. What counts more, it can be achieved in democratic countries at a smaller cost, and, what counts still more, it can be achieved more quickly, if the will is there.

At the basis of this will must be the recognition that there are many economic ways of reaching the goal. But no matter which political party or parties are in power, no matter how far political compromise, co-operation, or coalition go, there is no possibility of an economic compromise policy. There can only be compromise on the question of which economic policy to adopt. The one adopted must be carried out unadulterated and unopposed.

The demand that friends of politicians be eliminated from the devising of that policy is, then, beside the point. That only the ablest economic authorities should be selected, is understood. But there are able economic authorities in every political camp (although "the others" and we ourselves would probably not admit this if we discussed details of economic policy across the table; for we are all human). And although these varied authorities are agreed on many fundamental points of whose existence, as can be said without exaggeration, the majority of politicians and businessmen know nothing, they will not be able to devise a homogeneous economic policy because of the points on which they disagree.

No matter what the political set-up is, economic success is possible only if experts who are friends of those in power do the job. This does, of course, not mean personal friends, although one's mind would have to dream in another world if one tried to rule this contingency out. To call the experts in, and not take their advice is about as clever as to call the doctor in and not take his advice. An economist would not suggest this possibility at all. Politicians are only too apt to suggest and follow it. If by now those of them who do so, cannot see where

this attitude has taken the world, they must be blind.

Why are there so many people who believe they know all about economics, and really know nothing about it? God knows; and, of course, the parrots. They repeat over and over that economists have never prevented a depression. But they would not blame the medical profession for not

Effect of the Excess Profits Tax

How will Canadian companies be affected under the new legislation?

What would have been the earnings per common share for the 1939 fiscal year if this tax was applicable?

These questions and others of vital interest to investors are covered in a survey of some fifty Canadian companies. Write for a copy of our pamphlet "The Excess Profits Tax 1940".

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DOW THEORY COMMENT

In response to numerous inquiries, we wish to announce that the publication of the series of DOW THEORY COMMENT letters is being continued with the same objectives as in the past.

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preventing smallpox epidemics if they knew that people would not be vaccinated.

The Nazi economy—in spite of its indisputable, though one-sided, success—suffered from the lack of a clear economic policy, and the resulting inability to co-ordinate countless individual economic measures. Another great economic and social experiment, the Russian, started with a thoroughly thought-out economic policy, and suffers from the same disability (apart from other shortcomings) as the Nazi economy.

When, twenty years before the Bolshevik revolution, Lenin was told to "go into the school of capitalism, and learn from it how to run a state," he poured forth all the mordant sarcasm of which he was capable. But in 1922 he said in one of his speeches: "That the best communists, those who are conscious of their responsibility, are installed in the state trusts and mixed enterprises, is no consolation; for they

know less about business than the little capitalistic clerk who has gone through the school of a fair-sized firm. Our communistic conceit prevents us from recognizing this. Men who have made the greatest revolution in the world's history do not want to admit that they are no businessmen, that they cannot trade, and that they ought to learn from any little clerk." Stalin has never dropped this conceit.

Here, on this North American continent, in these (more or less) liberal democracies has been built up the greatest productive wealth in the world's history. But our capitalistic conceit prevents us from recognizing that the methods and traditions by which it has been built up are not those best suited to putting it to the widest and quickest use in an emergency like the present.

Let us drop our conceit, and with it will drop all fear that Hitler might ever rule the world.

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Death by Accidental Means

BY GEORGE GILBERT

To those with death claims to collect under accident policies or under the double indemnity provisions of life policies, the question of what constitutes "accidental means" frequently becomes of prime importance. Sometimes it is very difficult to decide whether the death was caused by accident or by disease.

In one of the cases dealt with in this article, it was held that where an accidental injury sets in motion a latent or dormant disease, such disease contributing to the death after having been so precipitated by the accident, the disease is not a direct or indirect cause of death, nor a contributing cause within the terms of the policy, but the accident which precipitated the condition resulting in death is the sole cause thereof.



NEWTON J. LANDER, managing director of the Continental Life Insurance Company, who has been elected president of the Canadian Life Insurance Officers Association, which represents the Canadian, British and United States life companies operating in the Dominion.

—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada".

IN THE case of death claims under accident policies or under the double indemnity provision of life policies, it is sometimes very difficult to determine whether death was due to accident or to disease.

There was a case out in Utah not long ago in which suit was brought under the double indemnity provision of a policy on the life of one Eli F. Lee. The policy provided that double the amount of the policy should be paid upon receipt of due proof that the death of the insured resulted "directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injury effected solely through external, violent and accidental causes, and that such death occurred within sixty days after sustaining such injury."

It was further provided by the policy that the double indemnity benefits would not apply if death resulted directly or indirectly from illness or disease of any kind.

At the trial, the evidence showed that the insured had hooked a loaded trailer from his automobile and let it down a slope to his cabin. The slope and load accelerated the speed of the trailer, so that the insured was pushed against the side of the cabin, the tongue of the trailer striking him on the right side of the abdomen. About an hour later, however, the insured was able to drive his car back home to Brigham City.

Dr. Pearce, a physician, was then called and found the insured complaining of pain over the right quadrant of the abdomen and appearing to be in misery. He kept the patient in bed most of the time for a week with his stomach empty. After a week the insured was able to walk about and leave the house.

About a month after the accident, Dr. Pearce made an examination and found the insured had a temperature of 100 degrees and that his abdomen was tender in the lower part in the

region of the appendix. His blood count showed acute inflammation. The doctor operated for appendicitis, and found and removed an infected appendix. On opening the abdomen further, he found an enlarged and diseased gall bladder which he removed.

For a few days the condition of the insured was satisfactory, then turned worse, and he died on August 24. Dr. Pearce testified at the trial that in his opinion the insured died from the effect of the accidental blow to his abdomen on July 12; that the blow ruptured the gall bladder; that the ruptured gall bladder brought about the infected condition of the appendix and made necessary the operation, and that the ruptured gall bladder was the sole cause of death.

Verdict and judgment were in favor of the claimant, and the insurance company appealed. In affirming the judgment of the trial court, the Supreme Court of Utah held that where an accidental injury sets in motion or starts activities of a latent or dormant disease, such disease contributing to the death after having been so precipitated by the accident, the disease is not a direct or indirect cause of death, nor a contributing cause within the meaning of the terms of the policy, but the accident which precipitated the condition resulting in death is the sole cause thereof.

Sole Cause of Death

It was also held that the physician's testimony that the diseased condition of the gall bladder was not actively progressing and afforded no reason to believe that death might be imminent, but the blow from the accident caused the rupture of the gall bladder that in turn caused infection to spread and affect the appendix, which required an operation with death resulting, was sufficient to show that the accident was the sole cause of his death.

In another case in Ohio suit was brought on an accident policy insuring one Dr. G. E. Moyer in the sum of \$5,000 against loss of life resulting directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injuries sustained through purely accidental means. Part F of the policy contained a provision that if accidental bodily injuries covered by the policy should result in septic infection or blood poisoning the disability or loss consequent thereon should be deemed due to an accident and the indemnity therefor paid in full as provided in the policy.

While the policy was in force, the insured received accidental injuries, as the result of which blood poisoning set in and he died. The claimant, as beneficiary, brought suit to recover on the policy. At the trial it was brought out that at the time of his death the insured was a diabetic, and the insurance company claimed that death did not result directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injuries sustained from purely accidental means, but from blood poisoning complicated by diabetes.

Blood Poisoning

At the trial, the court, being of the opinion that the evidence showed that diabetes contributed to the death and that the policy did not cover death so resulting, directed the jury to find a verdict for the insurance company. From the verdict and judgment in favor of the insurance company, the claimant appealed.

On appeal, the judgment of the trial court was reversed by the Circuit Court of Appeals, Sixth Circuit. It was held that Part F of the policy specifically provided that if accidental bodily injuries covered by the policy, meaning thereby bodily injuries "sustained through purely accidental means," result in septic infection or blood poisoning, the disability or loss consequent thereon shall be deemed due to an accident, and indemnity therefor in full as provided by the policy will be paid.

Such a provision, it was held, must be read with the other provisions as a part of the whole contract. Under such a provision, it is not necessary in order to recover a loss consequent on blood poisoning that the loss result directly and independently of all other causes from bodily injuries sustained through purely accidental means. The coverage of the policy, it was held, is extended to cover loss consequent on blood poisoning resulting from bodily injuries caused through accidental means.

Further, it was held that the policy

nowhere excludes from the coverage diseases rendering the insured susceptible to blood poisoning or contributing to the blood poisoning. As there was substantial evidence to show that the bodily injuries to the insured were sustained through purely accidental means and that as a result of such injuries blood poisoning set in, in consequence of which the loss occurred, it was held to be error to direct the jury to return a verdict for the insurance company. Judgment of trial court was accordingly reversed and cause remanded for new trial.

Inquiries

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

It has been proposed that I change two of my present policies totaling \$7,085.00 composed of: 1 policy of \$5,085.00 issued in 1935 for 25-Pay Life and 1 policy of \$2,000.00 issued in 1927 for 20-Pay Life, to straight life as of same age and date.

At an increased annual cost of \$36.00 my insurance would be increased to \$11,450.00. The difference in reserve of over \$500.00 may be treated optionally, either left with the company at 3% interest or taken in cash. I might say further that I have two other policies, one for \$2,500.00 20-Pay Life and another for \$1,000.00 20-Year Endowment. My present age is thirty-one. The agent who made this proposal to me suggested that it would be wise for me to accept it and that I should write to you for your advice. The agent from whom I bought the original policies claims that I should leave them as they are and also that I should write to you.

—I. H. A., Hamilton, Ont.

Your present policies are all good ones, and I would advise you to maintain them in force, as in that way you will be getting the most value for the money paid in. A man should be able to look forward to the time when his insurance will be paid up, and when he will have no further payments to make. Your policies will all be paid up in a reasonable length of time, and in these policies you are also building up a substantial cash value, and in later life, should a time come when family protection is no longer required, this cash value may be utilized for the purpose of providing an income, or for any other purpose which then best meets your requirements.

Therefore I would not disturb these policies, unless you feel in urgent need of more family protection and have no other means of financing its purchase.

Editor, Concerning Insurance:

Re: The Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Co.

The writer is a subscriber to your weekly paper and would like to avail himself of your confidential opinion of the above company which is operating in Manitoba.

Can you give me any information as to its stability and financial position? Also whether claims are met promptly and other relative information as to its operations.

—C. L. D., Stonewall, Man.

Economical Mutual Fire Insurance Company, with head office at Kitchener, Ont., is an old-established and reputable Canadian company. It was incorporated in Ontario in 1871, and operated under Provincial charter and license until 1936, when it took out a Dominion charter; since then it has been operating under Dominion charter and registry.

It is regularly licensed for the transaction of business throughout Canada, and has a deposit with the Government at Ottawa of \$540,760 for the protection of Canadian policyholders exclusively. All claims are readily collectable, and the company is safe to do business with.

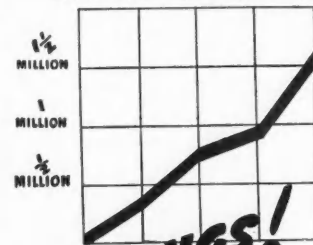
Its total admitted assets at the beginning of 1939, the latest date for which Government figures are available, were \$2,766,409.15, while its total liabilities amounted to \$602,243.95. There was thus a surplus of \$2,164,165.20 over unearned premium reserves and all liabilities. Comparing the amount of this surplus with the

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amount of the unearned premium reserve liability, \$366,041.05, it will be apparent that the company occupies a very strong financial position in relation to the volume of business transacted.



H. JASPER HUMPHREY, vice-president and general manager of the eastern lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has become a director of the Crown Trust Company. He is also a member of the boards of the North American Life Insurance Company and other corporations.

—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada".

Oil and Oil Men in Western Canada

BY T. E. KEYES

LAST week I spent a few days in the Battleview-Vermilion field. It is located in north-eastern Alberta about 30 odd miles west of the Saskatchewan-Alberta boundary line. In the past, it has often been included or referred to as the Lloydminster area. It is a distinct structure and the good citizens of Vermilion have suggested to me that in future I refer to it as such.

This structure has been reported upon by the Dr. G. S. Hume of the Dominion Geological survey; first in 1924, then in 1935, and I am told that a further joint report has just been completed by Dr. G. S. Hume and C. O. Hage, but as yet it has not been published.

The structure has also been geologized by independent geologists and a seismic survey has likewise been made. This extensive exploratory work was followed by the drilling of four wells. One of these wells was drilled by the Battleview Oils Limited and the other three by Franco Oils Limited for a share consideration in both the Battleview Oil Company Limited and Vermilion Oil Company Limited.

Two of these wells are large gas wells and two are crude producers. One of these crude producers has been on a continuous test since May 13th. During the first 30 days it produced on a short stroke pump around 100 bbls. a day, and when the stroke was increased at a faster rate.

The pumps are set 240 feet from the bottom of the hole and a production expert tells me that the oil flow at this well could be increased by lowering the pumps in the hole, and by making other adjustments.

The other crude producer had just started a production test when I was at the field, and J. L. Wilson, the drilling contractor in charge of the well, estimated the flush production would be around 250 bbls. a day. It is still too early to estimate what the settled production will be.

However, due to the shallow depths (about 1800 feet) and low drilling costs, a 25 bbl. well would be considered a commercial producer. The Dina Oil Company has two wells producing 20 bbls. per day in the Ribstone area, which is 35 odd miles southeast of these wells, and I am told that they are considered commercial wells. Hence if the settled production at these Vermilion Battleview wells should drop to even 25 bbls. a day they should still be profitable wells.

The gravity of the oil from the Vermilion area is low—15 A.P.I. It is being used as fuel oil at the North Battleford power plant.

I may say that over a year ago I was discussing western oils with an official of the British Admiralty, and he told me that this was the type of crude oil that would interest the Admiralty.

I regret that I was unable to take the time to visit the Lloydminster field the other day when in that area, but expect to be back up there shortly.

I am told that there is a move under way to have both the Alberta and Federal governments assist producers or wild-catters to test new structures.

There are a few favorable structures where wells are partially completed, and where the interested companies are finding it impossible, due to war conditions, to raise the balance



INDUSTRIALIST DIES. W. B. Champ, president and managing director of the Hamilton Bridge Co., Ltd., died at his home in Hamilton, Ont., on June 22 in his sixty-fifth year.

—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada".

of the money required to complete these tests. In such cases it is felt the government would be warranted in advancing the money to complete the test, as oil is an indispensable war commodity.

The Ottawa government is now considering ways and means of making use of Turner Valley's maximum output, according to press dispatches from the capital.

However, Alberta Petroleum Association officials point out that Turner Valley's maximum efficient production, as estimated by expert engineers, is about 35,000 bbls. a day. The field has a measured flow through a one-inch choke, (often referred to as the field's potential) of slightly over 100,000 bbls. a day. A.P.A. officials say that this term potential is very misleading to the public, as the field could not produce this amount for more than a few days at best.

New exploration work is being carried on throughout Alberta. The five survey parties from the Dominion Geological survey are all out in the field. They usually spend a few days

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in Calgary gathering up equipment etc., enroute to the field, but this year they barely stopped off and the day they arrived I was out of the city and so missed seeing them. However, they are all a fine bunch of fellows and render a great service to their country and to the oil operators.

We had an increase in proration last week of 3000 bbls. a day making the Turner Valley field's allowable 21,000 bbls. per day.

The maximum capacity of the pipelines from this field to Calgary is 30,000 bbls. a day and the prospects are that proration will be increased to this amount before long as the marketing area now includes most of Manitoba as well as a fair portion of Eastern British Columbia.

The Standard of B.C.—Steveston well is still testing and officials say that tests so far, while encountering gas and oil, have not been commercial. However, all horizons have not yet been tested and the final results will not be known until all zones have been explored.



ABSOLUTE SECURITY
W. R. HOUGHTON, MANAGER

There are now 15 wells drilling in Turner Valley with one expected to spudd in early this week. There are also several wells testing, and it is estimated that the field's actual production is in excess of 21,000 barrels per day instead of the 18,000 assigned to it by the Conservation Board.



J. C. HILL. Very favourable results for the fiscal year just closed, payment of the usual dividend, and good prospects for the future indicated by increasing demand for specialized engineering insurance, were announced at the recent annual meeting of the Boiler Inspection and Insurance Company of Canada. At the same time H. N. Roberts, president, J. P. Byrne, secretary, and Harold A. Roberts, assistant secretary, were re-elected to these offices, and J. C. Hill was newly elected as an assistant secretary of the company.

The Economics of Our British Alliance

(Continued from Page 7)

not seem that the unwisdom of this decision and its consequences can be blamed entirely on Whitehall, or that Ottawa has a right to excuse failure in this field by a mere transfer of responsibility to Whitehall.

1914 Versus 1939

Had such a decision been taken in 1914, the blame would have rested entirely on Whitehall. Indeed, there is nothing more creditable in Canadian history than the refusal of the Canadian government at that time to acquiesce in such a decision when it was, for all effective purposes, taken. The late Sir Sam Hughes had many defects of mind and character, but he was at least a great enough man to urge and lash the British government of 1914-1915 into providing an opportunity for Canada to contribute largely to the manufacture of material of war.

Incidentally, it was very much easier for the British government to do this in 1914-1915, than in 1939-1940—for, in the earlier period, the United Kingdom had no reason to be concerned over its foreign exchange position. Its resources were, at that time, more than adequate to provide for enormous purchases in North America.

Between 1914 and 1939 there intervened the whole revolution in the nature of the connection between the United Kingdom and Canada with which we are all entirely familiar. The Dominion threw off the last traces of colonial status, and asserted its independence—even to the extent of the follies of the statements which, from private and public men alike, left it a debatable question whether this country would automatically be at war when the United Kingdom declared war.

This is a most important point. The developments of the last quarter of a century involved the acceptance by this country of absolute responsibility for the part which it would play in a war. Where, in the previous war, the people of Canada justly say that nothing more was required of them than willingness to accept the leadership of Britain, and to follow it loyally, the situation in the present war has been, from the first, one in which the responsibility lay on us to take our decisions, and, if we accepted incorrect advice from Whitehall, that acceptance left us in a position in which we could not evade responsibility by pleading the errors of the advice. All that that plea can accomplish is to state that we failed to study the situation, and to form correct conclusions.

Our Larger Ability

There is, however, an even more important reason for this country to accept a full share of the responsibility for the disasters which have occurred. Our ability to share in the collective war effort has proportionately increased. It might reasonably be estimated that Canada could, in 1914, add perhaps 10% to the war effort of the United Kingdom. It must be clear to anyone familiar with developments in the last quarter of a century that the share of the war effort which we could have borne has increased to at least 25%.

The importance of this fact cannot be underestimated. If the war were to be—as it has indeed turned out to be—one in which the decision would be a close one, then a country able to contribute up to 25% of the effort which could be provided by the United Kingdom was in a position to win or lose the war.

There was the further fact that, as has been mentioned already, the United Kingdom was definitely faced

by problems of foreign exchange, and that we knew this. It was, indeed, reiterated in the press of the United Kingdom and of North America. The most careful estimates were made of the power of Britain to purchase on this Continent, and there was never any doubt in anyone's mind as to the reality of the fact that Britain would perforce attempt to hold her purchases on this Continent down to a minimum figure.

It was, therefore, wholly reasonable that Canada should, from the first, have insisted on a clear allotment, as between the United Kingdom and the Dominion, of responsibility for war effort. In any attempt to explore this field, it was bound to become apparent to the Dominion government that economic considerations would limit the ability of the United Kingdom to direct the productive capacity of this country to war ends, and that that object could only be accomplished by an *ex parte* decision of the Canadian government to provide, for the common purpose, all the material of war useful to ourselves or to our Allies, which we were capable of producing.

No Such Exploration

The evidence available indicates that no exploration of this sort was undertaken. Recorded facts would indicate that the Dominion government was, at all times, generous in its attitude, and wholly willing to extend to our Allies the amplest credits. Failure of Whitehall to take the fullest possible advantage of this opportunity is obvious. It is equally obvious, however, that the Dominion government failed to point out to Whitehall that, in addition to our ability to accept and fulfil orders for material of war, and to provide ample credits for these, the Dominion also had the ability to provide, as a proper part of our contribution to the common cause, large quantities of material, with no question of credits or payments at all, if the Allies would give us specifications.

The historians of the future will have to define the degree of our failure or success in making this attitude clear to the Allied governments, but this writer's own impression is that, whose ever the fault, there was a failure to impress on the government of the United Kingdom in particular, and on the government of France, that this country was prepared to furnish, without discussion of payment, a large quantity of material of war, and was well equipped to do so in certain particular fields.

It would appear, therefore, that it is extremely unwise for the apologists for the Canadian government to continue the recent policy of explaining that our troubles all arise from errors made in London. Sooner or later this defence will be exposed in all its nakedness, and the public reaction in Canada will take the form of a grave distrust of any administration which offered it.

Indeed, it is not too much to say that the most important question facing us today is whether the Canadian government has as yet placed before the British government a frank offer to supply material of war, with no question of payment, to the extent of our ability to do so, and nothing would do more to end the present bickering, and revive national courage and enthusiasm than specific statements from the government that this offer has been made in the simplest and most unmistakable terms.

Until such a statement has been made it must remain a matter of grave doubt whether more responsibility for the failure of the Allied effort does not lie on this country than it will be quite comfortable for us to bear.

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Shipping Policy is British Problem

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON
Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

One of many British industrial-relations problems shelved for the duration of the war by the Emergency Powers Defence Act is that of shipping, in respect of the relative desirability of government requisitioning versus government licensing. The ship-owners now recognize the necessity for requisitioning, in view of the much graver war situation.

But, for the government, there remains the economic problem occasioned by the need for keeping British shipping on the national balance-sheet as a provider of foreign exchange. That is likely to result in further curtailment of non-essential supplies to Great Britain.

THE British government's Emergency Powers have brought to an end the possibility of effective disputes between industrial and trading interests and the authorities, just as they have removed the obstacle to national planning implied in the possibility of opposition to government measures. In the shipping sphere there was already existing a high degree of free co-operation. Indeed, there were no dissentient voices on matters of principle.

In 1917 British shipping was fully requisitioned, after the problem had been nibbled at in the preceding stages of the Great War. The present war began with the expectation that government control over shipping would be exercised in the licensing system. That system preserves the principle of chartering in the freight markets and operating in competition; government licensing imposes limits upon what the owner may do with his ship. The point in favor of this idea is that it combines to some extent the necessities of the war situation with the *laissez-faire* of peacetime operations. It had been considered that its character would entail the major virtue of making it readily acceptable to the shipping industry.

So indeed it was, but it was not satisfactory to the country. The retention by shipping interests of the very considerable liberty permitted by the system increased freight rates in certain unfavored classes, and did not in any case provide an adequate supply of shipping space for cargoes needed in the national war effort.

Necessity Recognized

Accordingly, requisitioning became inevitable. The industry, while it recognizes the necessity for requisitioning, has entered into controversy with the government over the ways and means, and particularly, of course, over the question of payment. It was not to be expected that the authorities could, even in present conditions, desert a principle which it operated for the first month or two of war and go all out in full control of the shipping industry, without there being opposition.

But in considering the nature of the opposition it is essential to remember the overriding importance, not only of an adequate merchant marine, but also of a merchant marine commanded by a central authority so as to secure the maximum possible utility. So far as the protection of British merchant shipping is concerned, the lessons of the last war have been

well learned. The convoy system and the drive against submarines have shown that British ships can sail the seas in relative immunity, and that the ratio of losses will not at any time be such as to affect profoundly the carrying capacity. Now, nearly 3 million tons gross of Dutch steam and motor shipping and half a million tons gross of Belgian shipping is added to British resources, so that the question becomes predominantly one of the allocation of cargoes to existing ship space. In this respect the Ministry of Shipping works intimately with the Ministries of Food and Supply, which now control practically all the imports into Great Britain.

The shipowners who support the licensing system against requisitioning forget that the needs of the war will not tolerate the retention of the profit motive in any sphere, least of all in a sphere so vital. Nor can it be argued that the shipowners merely require a sufficient profit to maintain the British mercantile marine and to ensure a strong competitive position when the war is over. For if it is an argument then the fact that the government has assumed full liability is answer enough.

No Easy Problem

The authorities themselves have no easy problem. The shipping services are the chief of the "invisible" export items, which help the balance of payments. They are very real exports, and exports are a very real need. It is not therefore merely a question for the government to secure along the sea routes what Britain most urgently needs, and then to apportion the remaining cargo space for the relatively luxury traffic. So far as it is possible it is necessary for British shipping to be kept on the national balance-sheet as a provider of foreign exchange. And if that means curtailing still further the non-essential supplies to Great Britain then that is the inevitable price which has to be paid for the arms, munitions and raw materials which come from abroad.

The domination of shipping by the government is also to be welcomed on account of the longer-term economic problems which would otherwise beset the industry severely. War-time costs of building and operating are very much higher than in peacetime and the shipping companies, if they had to bear the full brunt, would find themselves seriously weakened in the effort to maintain their position after the war. And if they sought to overcome that difficulty by raising rates then the whole economic structure at home would be disturbed, with prices following the movement of arbitrary freight rate fluctuations.

Shipping men have been arguing that, even if all this is agreed, there remains the large danger that government control will persist after the war is over and become a permanent part of the country's peacetime organization. There is, however, no argument to show that that would be a bad thing. There is certainly every reason to suppose that it is quite likely.

Mines

BY J. A. McRAE

MOBILIZATION of the man power of Canada, together with the resources of the nation, is final assurance that the people of this Dominion will devote everything that they possess toward the preservation of freedom of all mankind. The Mobilization Bill introduced at Ottawa is not confiscation. It is simply an expression of determination to pool the fortunes and the lives of all Canadians into one vast whole for the purpose of maximum strength with which to combat a band of frenzied bandits who are thundering at the gates of liberty.

Gold is the staff on which Canadian trade and commerce is resting to a greater degree than ever before in history. Gold production in Canada is one of the chief pillars in this country's economic structure. This being so, it naturally follows that just as total war has been recognized as a necessity in order to preserve the freedom of man, so, also, should it be recognized that total effort to produce as much gold as possible should not be hampered by any unreasonable tax.

George C. Bateman has been selected by the Canadian government as metals controller for the Dominion.



H. T. JAFFRAY, general manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, has been elected president of the Canadian Bankers Association.

—Photo by "Who's Who in Canada".

The appointment was made by Hon. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply. The detailed activities of the Bateman commission have not yet been outlined but will be presented in an order-in-council in due time. I have known Mr. Bateman in-

timately for more than thirty years, beginning with the pioneer days of the Cobalt silver field. It would have been difficult to secure any man with more intimate and continuous knowledge of the Canadian mining industry. Recognizing the fact that airplanes, metal and high explosives are the weapons with which to drive the enemy from the skies, there is a wave of pride spreading throughout the mining country in respect to the important part the miner is to play in the ultimate victory.

East Malartic Gold Mines set new records during May with 46,742 tons of ore having been milled and with a production of \$321,565. This was a gain of more than \$37,000 above the former record output in April.

Kerr-Addison will disburse its initial dividend of five cents per share on August 1.

Con. Mining & Smelting Co. of Canada will pay a bonus of 50 cents per share together with the regular half-yearly dividend of 50 cents on July 15.

Eleven new gold mines have been added to the list of dividend payers in Canada so far this year.

Preston East Dome is milling 500 tons of ore per day and has made plans to instal sorting machinery with which to deal with 600 tons daily through elimination of 100 tons of waste.

Upper Canada Mines is steadily improving its rate of earnings and appears to be in line for an initial dividend payment around the end of the current year. Already the working capital has reached \$100,000. Current



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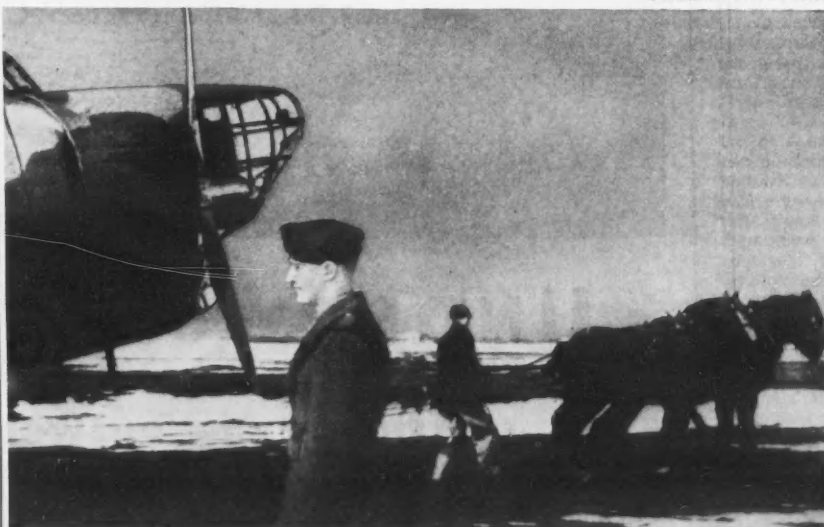
OFF the production line of a Canadian car factory, an automobile rolls away to the proving ground. The building of this car has helped spread employment throughout Canada—to the mines and forests, steel and textile mills and to hundreds of other industries.

Engines, brakes, batteries and the like—which the motorist regards as major parts—are all made up of many minor parts. These are produced not only by car factories but by over 250 independent Canadian manufacturers.

What Mr. Motorist calls the "engine" embodies castings, stampings, copper and alloy parts, etc. The crankshaft, for example, began as part of a charge in an open hearth furnace in some Canadian steel mill. It was shipped to a Canadian forging plant, thence to a motor machine plant, finally to the automobile assembly line.

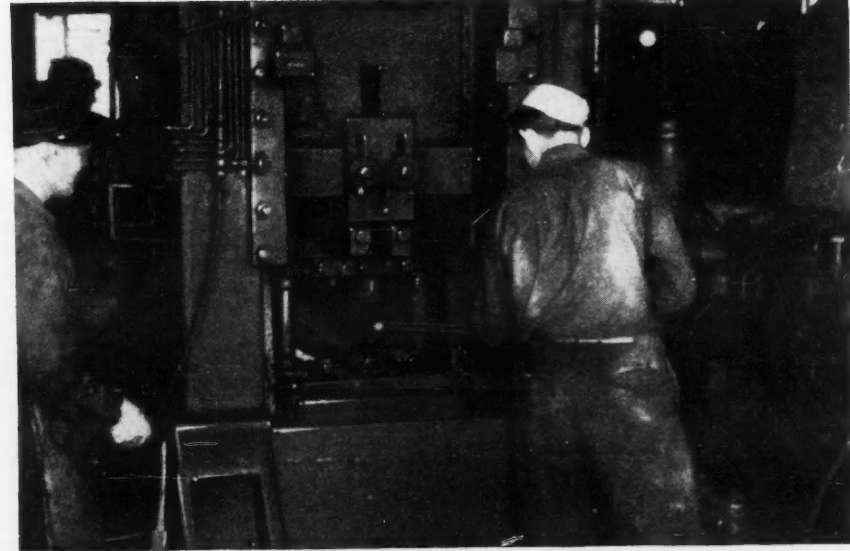
To place this engine in position

"2 HORSEPOWER" AND 2,000: A bombing plane is towed across the Manitoba boundary line. Like thousands of others, it must be paid for in foreign exchange. To con-



serve foreign exchange, so vital for needed war expenditures, "BUY CANADIAN" is the watchword at Thompson Products in their purchases of raw materials.

Paramount News Photo.



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TORONTO, CANADA, JUNE 29, 1940

Canadian Army Transports Show They Can Take It

BY ALF. M. JONES

A DEMONSTRATION of special mechanical transport vehicles for conveying men, guns and supplies was given at the Rockcliffe airdrome, Ottawa, May 4th. These Canadian-made transports are capable of traversing practically any kind of ground as the demonstration indicated.

"They will travel any place and at any time," Hon. C. G. Power, acting minister of national defence, remarked. "They are a striking tribute to Canadian workmen and to the 'companionate marriage' of General Motors Corporation of Canada and the Ford Motor Company of Canada in the development of ideas in close co-operation with our departmental experts."

Over rain-soaked fields, ravines and gullies, these muddy-brown transports went into action in the thick grey mud of Rockcliffe ditches. Pulling howitzers, the four-wheel drive field artillery tractors tore through brush and over rough land that would have stopped even the most versatile farm tractor.

The tires are a special and jealously guarded feature of all the vehicles; a special design of the British War Office and have only been completed since the war started. It is possible to let the air out of the tires and drive the transport 75 to 100 miles without damaging the tires. There is no need to stop and change to a spare. This has eliminated the need of using solid tires on army transport vehicles. If ordinary tires were used, a sniper or a bit of shrapnel could put a truck out of service and create the possibility that it might have to be abandoned in the field of action. None of the models demonstrated carried spare tires.

Standardization with British equipment has been the policy of the Department of National Defence for over thirty years. In so far as mechanical transport is concerned, the application of this policy to the fullest extent has long been recognized as impossible if Canada is to make use of one of its greatest industries. Nevertheless, much has been accomplished to take advantage of the value to be derived by standardizing with British vehicles and thereby facilitating maintenance in the field of war.

FOR many years it has been recognized that no standard commercial vehicle is completely satisfactory for war purposes. In some cases they can be adapted by minor modifications, but the vast majority of the vehicles required in the field must be of a design which differs radically from that normally used for commercial purposes. Years of experiment in Great Britain have proved these statements. These experiments have been closely followed by the Department of National Defence for the past ten years and they have been supplemented by trials in this country from time to time and by the development of a few special types. The result of this planning and co-operation is today being realized; Canada is providing over 93 per cent of the mechanical transport which will be used by its troops abroad. This mechanical transport is of a design second to none. Its cost is extremely low, and the Canadian content is higher than any vehicle heretofore produced in this country.

Progress in design of military transport has advanced rapidly of recent years with the result that when war broke out many features were in a state of flux. In consequence, immediate production was impossible if advantage was to be taken of certain experiments just completed and under way. Most basic features, however, were already settled and no time was wasted in bringing additional details to completion.

It normally takes the automotive industry from nine to twelve months to bring out a new model. It is, therefore, evidence of the efficiency and energy of the automotive industry and a very high tribute to its ability to submerge trade jealousies in time of stress, that the first pilot model was completed in approximately three months from the date on which the companies involved made the first move towards production.

While one thus pays tribute to the automotive plants, it would be grossly unfair to omit reference to the allied industries. New wheels, new tires of a special type, new bodies and various other items of equipment had to be developed. Due to the unparalleled co-operation and physical effort of those industries concerned, the production of these components in time to meet the production of the automotive plants, has been assured.

There are approximately six types of vehicles involved. In military terms these may be described as the eight-hundredweight, the fifteen-hundredweight, the thirty-hundredweight, the three-ton, four and six-wheeled, and the gun tractor. A brief description of the uses to which these vehicles are put follows: the eight-hundredweight is used for carrying light stores, for carrying

personnel and for operation of wireless sets on the move or at a standstill. The fifteen-hundredweight, is used as a load carrier, as a personnel carrier, an anti-tank gun tractor and for wireless equipment, water tanks, etc. The thirty-hundredweight and three-ton are used as load carriers, work shops, stores, wrecking equipment, etc. The gun tractor is used to haul field guns and to carry the gun detachments and a limited quantity of stores to service the gun in action.

The following descriptive summary gives a measure of the thought which has entered into the development of these vehicles, and the extent to which the efforts to simplify their maintenance in the field have been successful:

(a) All front-end metal except for minor features is interchangeable.

All cab roofs can be replaced with canvas tops if required.

(b) Bodies, wheels and tires are interchangeable in all the eight-hundredweight vehicles. The tires and bodies are also interchangeable with British vehicles of this class.

(c) Bodies, wheels and tires are interchangeable on all and are likewise interchangeable with all British vehicles of this class and are of the latest British War Office pattern.

(d) All thirty-hundredweight, three-ton and gun tractors are of the four-wheel drive type. Some of these vehicles are equipped with 16-inch wheels and others with 20-inch wheels. They can all take either wheel, and all wheels and tires are of the latest British War Office pattern and so are interchangeable with War Office vehicles in this respect. With few exceptions, all chassis in

the remaining group, known as the 4 x 4, will accept War Office pattern of bodies although practically all vehicles proceeding from Canada will be fully equipped with the Canadian-built body.

In the 4 x 4 class, that is, the thirty-hundredweight, the three-ton, and the gun tractor, the following features are of special interest: All front and rear axles respectively, inclusive of brake assemblies, are interchangeable. All transfer cases and jack shafts are interchangeable as are all universal joints, shock absorbers, etc. Some of the vehicles in this class are equipped with winches. They are all interchangeable and are evolved from standard automotive parts which are readily replaceable. All bodies are interchangeable between types and conform in every detail to the requirements of a force

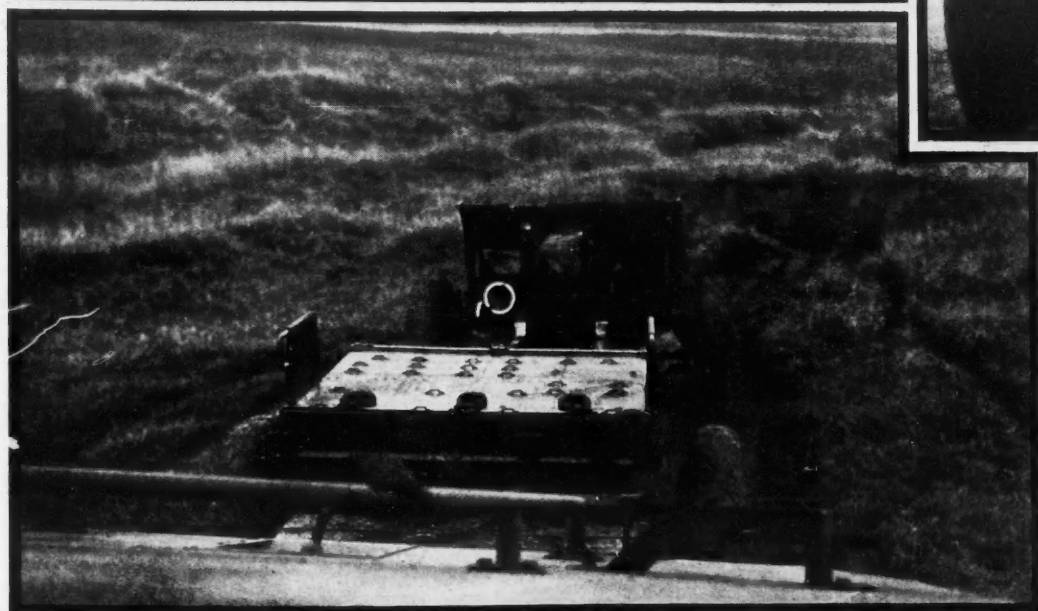
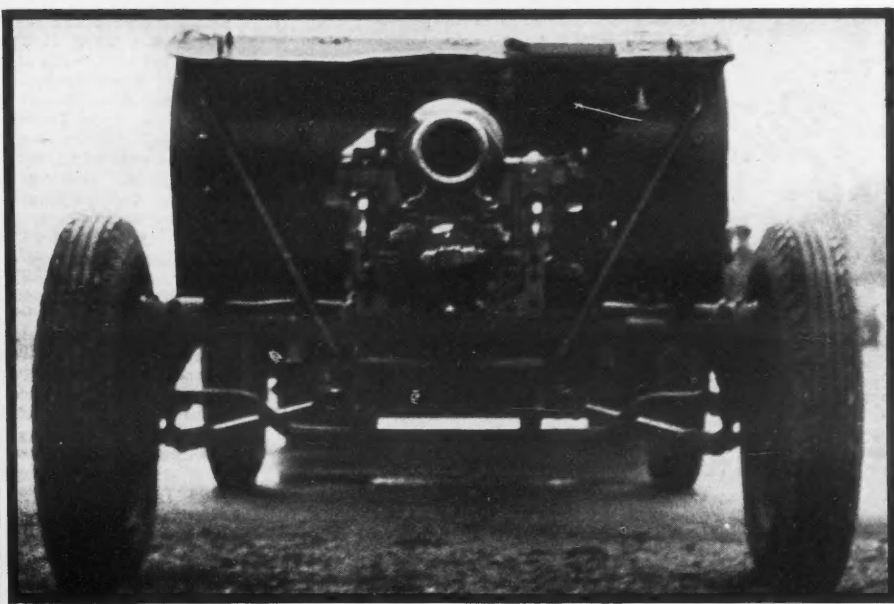
equipped to carry British standard equipment.

None of the vehicles referred to can be classed as experimental. Every unit entering into their composition is tried and proved either on this continent or in Great Britain.

Bodies are made to fold down into the smallest space so as to reduce ocean transport difficulties. To save cargo space the vehicles are not being crated for their journey overseas.

According to motor designers and officers at the demonstration, there has been nothing designed by the United States Army or by the German Army to equal the four-wheel drive tractors and trucks taking part in the demonstration.

Very soon there will be over 7,000 made-in-Canada units complete. One division requires around 2,000 units.



Canada Puts Wheels On Her Forces

"..... Canada is providing over 93 per cent of the mechanical transport which will be used by its troops abroad. This mechanical transport is of a design second to none. Its cost is extremely low, and the Canadian content is higher than any vehicle heretofore produced in this country." So says Alf. M. Jones, who took the pictures for "Saturday Night" and "Motor Magazine."

Upper Left—A field artillery tractor pulls an ammunition carrier and howitzer at 45 miles per hour. Upper right—The "Business End" of the howitzer.

Second Row—Ammunition carrier and howitzer from the top of the tractor.

Third Row, Left—The tractor noses into rough country. Third Row, Right—..... and the rear wheels drop into a ditch.

Fourth Row, Left—With the ammunition carrier and howitzer detached to avoid the severe shock of crossing the ditch at high speed, the tractor pulls out of the ditch. Fourth Row, Right—Now on solid ground, the tractor pulls the carrier and howitzer across the ditch.

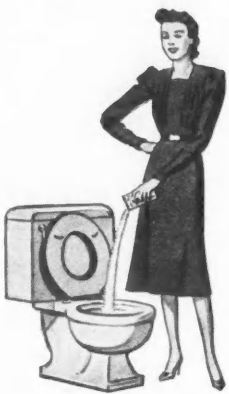


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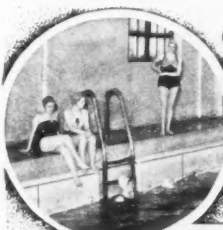
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SATURDAY NIGHT

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Prokofieff Fairy Tale

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THOUGH only three works were scheduled at last week's Promenade Concert at Varsity Arena, it was not really skimpy. It opened with a brisk rendering of the Overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride," which the orchestra plays frequently and well. Then Reginald Stewart proceeded to give the ablest and most finished interpretation of a classic symphony one has yet heard under his baton. It was Brahms' Symphony No. 1, in C minor—a glorious work when adequately performed. The tonal quality and expressional efficiency of the organization has never been more effectively demonstrated. It is a work of vast and noble structure, abounding in details of haunting beauty, and wonderfully exalted in its climaxes. Mr. Stewart revealed its contours with confidence, insight and power. The beautiful third movement was especially well done; and in the majestic passages of the last movement that are based on an old chorale, Mr. Stewart rose to impressive heights.

A novel and captivating feature was the first presentation of a musical fairy tale by the Russian composer Serge Prokofieff, "Peter and the Wolf." Prokofieff can be very strenuous and grandiose, as those familiar with his superb score for the film "Alexander Nevsky" are aware; but in this work, based on a tale of his own devising, he is at all times gentle and playful. It is like a Walt Disney sketch worked out in music, and calls for a Narrator. The task of the latter was performed in a graphic and magnetic way by Rupert Lucas. There are several characters, typified by instruments: a little bird by the flute; a duck by the oboe; a cat by the clarinet; a wolf by three French horns; a garrulous grandpère by the bassoon; and the little boy Peter by the strings. For Peter the composer has devised a delicious tune, which makes us visualize a little lad dancing over the meadows. There are many ingenious orchestral devices concealed in the melodic flow of the work. It was played in a joyous spontaneous way and the orchestra seemed to enjoy itself as much as the audience.

Lillian Really Sang

Cinema directors commit weird offences, but probably the worst travesty on a celebrated person of the past since Hollywood invented a beardless Parnell, is the presentation of a voiceless Lillian Russell. Perhaps that is not quite accurate. In her screen embodiment, Lillian is certainly vocal, but is conceived as a radio torch singer with a voice like a can-opener. This is a shocking slander on a beautiful and amiable woman, who during the first twenty years of her adult life possessed one of the loveliest lyric soprano voices that America has produced, and was thoroughly trained in how to use it. In "A Smattering of Ignorance" Oscar Levant makes it clear that most eminent Hollywood producers are allergic to music; and possibly the coterie responsible for this screen production actually thought the noises made by her impersonator were singing. Watching the production with ever increasing annoyance, (despite the fact that several of the minor roles were well done) one came to the conclusion that Walter Damrosch should take action against the producers for defamation of the dead. In one scene his revered father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, is shown listening to these noises, pronouncing the voice excellent and offering to teach her. If all one has heard of the elder Damrosch is true he would have thrust his thumbs into his ears and cried "Enough! Enough!"

Since countless persons have in recent weeks seen the travesty, it may interest some to know what Lillian Russell's voice was really like. It was a lyric soprano like that of Grace Moore, though sweeter and more delicate in timbre. It was naturally flexible, and she sang difficult arias of the lighter order with the utmost ease. If she had ever been ambitious enough to tackle grand opera she would have been ideal in "Martha," as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," or as Mimi in "Bohème," though too robust physically for the latter role. A young girl from the Middle West when she made her first appearance in New York in Tony Pastor's theatre, she was, because of her blond and stately loveliness, billed as "The English Soprano." She introduced to America Mulloy's lovely Irish song "The Kerry Dances." She was apparently without temperament, and never took the trouble to act—possibly because she was so lovely she did not need to. She sang Sullivan's music delightfully and was the original Patience in America. She was for years the leading singer at the New York Casino where the classics of French and Viennese operetta were magnificently produced. She sang in many operettas by Jacques Offenbach, which abound in difficult arias of Mozartian inspiration. Her loveliest performance was in the title role of his "La Périchole," founded on the story of the Peruvian actress who figures in Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey." In her heyday she had in America but one

rival as a singer of operetta, a young English girl five years her junior, now the celebrated London comedienne, Marie Tempest. Like the latter she stopped singing when in her early forties her tones began to fade, but because she could not act, no later distinction awaited her. Nevertheless she made a good deal of money starring in plays which presented her as a genial matron. During the last war she graced with her presence a soldiers' show at Toronto and though past fifty was still beautiful.

Lillian Russell was probably the most amiable star who ever trod the boards. The universal admiration of her flawless beauty left her entirely unspoiled; and she refused to worry about anything, which perhaps explains why she was so casual in choice of husbands. One fact which illustrates her nature would have made good screen material. Her wardrobe was the finest in America and she seldom wore a gown more than twice. But she did not throw them away. She had a friend whose duty it was to seek out poverty-stricken young actresses desperate for funds to purchase the necessary gowns for a new role. Many a penniless girl through her generosity was able to step on the stage superbly clad.

Recent Programs

The Proms recently presented a novelty in the first Canadian performance of a Divertimento for piano and orchestra, by Miss Ulrica Cole, an American pianist who has studied in New York and Paris. The piano, however, does not receive excessive prominence in the work. Miss Margaret Brown, the soloist, was brilliantly effective in the first movement, a sprightly and agile Toccata, and achieved a finely-proportioned co-operation with the orchestra in the melodious and solidly developed Intermezzo that takes the place of a slow movement.

Recently a crowded audience in Massey Hall heard Percy Faith and Oscar Levant in a light-hearted program of popular music. The most substantial item of the program was the finest performance ever heard here of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." It was so dignified and so revealing that the composition acquired new significance. One has usually heard it played in such a way that it sounded like inferior



GREGOR PIATIGORSKY, world-famous 'cellist, will break his vacation to appear as soloist for the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra at its Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, next Thursday night, under the baton of Reginald Stewart and a few weeks later will appear with the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky at the seventh annual Berkshire Symphonic Festival. In Toronto he will play the Concerto in A Minor for 'cello and orchestra, by Saint-Saens, as well as a group of solos.

Liszt; as presented by Mr. Faith and Mr. Levant it was obviously excellent Gershwin. Mr. Levant also gratified the expectations of his audience by his informal and diverting chatter, in the course of which he has perhaps aided all pianists who perform in Massey Hall in the future. Every habitual concert-goer has been accustomed to the sight of uncomfortable pianists struggling with the stolidly uncooperative piano-stool. At least one pianist in the past season was so unnerved by it that he broke a piano-string. Mr. Levant has finally mentioned it out loud in public, and let us hope that this mention will bring results.

Winnipeg lovers of the arts are highly elated at the success scored by the Winnipeg Ballet Club at its initial appearance in the Playhouse Theatre recently. It was organized by Gweneth Lloyd, a gifted mistress of choreography, who came to Canada from London, England, last summer. She was assisted by Betty Hey, also an accomplished expert. They had the assistance of the able orchestral director, James Robertson. The most novel episode was "Kilowatt Magic," a modernistic ballet based on music by Smetana.

With the Musicians

The famous Canadian tenor, Joseph Victor Laderoute, was again featured on the Agostini broadcast from Montreal on Sunday June 23. Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, recently praised Mr. Laderoute's voice in terms of unlimited enthusiasm.

FILM PARADE

Loving Concern With Small Lives

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"OUR TOWN" is a beautiful play that has been made into one of the loveliest pictures you can imagine. Since Thornton Wilder seems to have had a free hand in the transcription, all the fresh poetry of feeling and language that belonged to the original have been carried over into the screen version. For good measure Frank Craven and Martha Scott, as spokesman and heroine, respectively, have been carried over too. And while the picture elaborates considerably on Mr. Wilder's simplified settings—two ladders, a dozen umbrellas, a dozen kitchen chairs—the result, one of very gentle realism, can't possibly hurt anyone's feelings. To literal-minded people like myself, the change indeed is an improvement. The present version hasn't quite so much the air of a theatrical stunt as the original. It also does away with the necessity for the endless pantomime involved in the absence of all stage properties. It takes remarkable acting skill, of course, to create the impression that invisible door handles and coffee pots are actually there, but all I ever get out of the best performance is an overwhelming conviction that they aren't.

As it is, everything that was deeply valuable in Thornton Wilder's play has been retained—the loving concern with small unimportant lives, the humanity that so curiously includes and transcends the commonplace, and, in the third act, a quality so poignant and strange that it is impossible to see it without tears.

Nine times out of ten Hollywood pictures get better acting than they deserve. In "Our Town" acting and picture are on the same high level. The Webbs (Guy Kibbee and Beulah Bondi) and the Gibbess (Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter) might have lived in a little New Hampshire town all their lives. Martha Scott's performance as Emily has already established her in Hollywood. Just what her future there will be it's hard to say. Her acting talent is beautifully adapted to "Our Town" but it has a fragile, poignant quality that may not stand up to ruthless casting.

The happy ending apparently was the unanimous choice of a test-audience, so all the other audiences will just have to accept it. It seems so entirely irrelevant to the preceding

scene that it might almost be a trailer for next week's show. However since it's so obviously an afterthought it doesn't make much difference anyway.

"FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS" should really have been called "Forty-One Little Mothers" to include Eddie Cantor. It's an unfamiliar Eddie here, quite different from any we've ever seen before. He doesn't dance or strut, he sings only one song and that a lullaby, and his enormous eyes from first to last are glazed with mother-love.

The occasion for all this is Baby Quantanilla, an imperturbable two-year-old, and camera-sharp as they come already. There are lots of girls, of course, but photogenic misses in a girls' exclusive academy, but that's about the only item that makes "Forty Little Mothers" recognizable as a Cantor opus.

There will probably be some who will enjoy watching the softer side of Eddie's nature unfold. But most people expect a show from the star, with plenty of spectacle and Eddie as the energizing centre. Just at the moment, "Forty Little Mothers" makes Baby Quantanilla's future look quite a bit brighter than Eddie Cantor's.

I'M getting a little tired of sickly heroines, especially Merle Oberon's sickly heroines. In "Till We Meet Again," Miss Oberon is in such a shocking state of health—it's a heart condition this time—that she has to carry digitalis tablets with her wherever she goes. Any hint that the hero (George Brent) is about to leave her brings on a heart crisis, followed by tablets. Is this entertainment?

"Till We Meet Again" is a remake of our old friend "One Way Passage" elaborated with plenty of clothes, luxury settings and Binnie Barnes. In spite of Miss Barnes and the antics of Frank McHugh it's all a pretty sad business. For movie goers who want more vigorous entertainment we recommend "Brother Orchid" with Edward G. Robinson. It's nothing really special, but at least it has plenty of healthy action. For Miss Oberon we prescribe a good iron-and-yeast tonic and plenty of rest. Honest, that girl looks bad.



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Son Of A Gunmaker

BY W. S. MILNE

WORLD'S END, by Upton Sinclair. Macmillan. \$3.00.

THIS is that Upton Sinclair who threw such a scare into the movie industry when he nearly became governor of California on an anti-capitalist ticket. He hasn't been writing novels lately, but he used to write sizzlers, exposing wheat and oil kings and things like that. He was always noted for his fearlessness, his sincerity, and his amazing knowledge of facts that newspapers wouldn't print. Many of his books and pamphlets were published at his own expense; many of them had been tried by their tails by local Podsnaps. He has made several fortunes from his writings, and has devoted them to causes in which he has believed. He has been a crusader as well as a writer, and perhaps his crusading has been more important than his writing, judged purely on its literary merits.

"World's End" will stand up as a remarkably well-written novel, however, quite apart from the fact that Mr. Sinclair has something very serious to say in it. Indeed, the peace conference scenes, which are probably why Mr. Sinclair wrote the book, are disproportionately developed, and make the second half of this three hundred and thirty thousand-word novel less readable than the first. Perhaps that is because at the present time these Paris squabbles are not pleasant to contemplate. Such matter is more timely than pleasant.

"World's End" is the story of the son of an American munitions manufacturer, born in France in 1900. He is 13 when the story opens, a charming boy, artistic and sensitive. He sees his father only at long intervals, but they are great chums, and the father tells him a good deal of the inside story of the international traffic in armaments. He has two chums, an Englishman and a German. Both become involved in the war. Lanny, the American, remains neutral, and is taken by his father to Connecticut, where their plant is situated. Lanny has never been in America before, and finds the atmosphere of New England puritanism somewhat hard to adjust himself to after a free-and-

easy life in European artistic and social circles. American educational methods strike him as being particularly curious. His mother, who is by way of being a "professional" beauty, remains in France with her lover, a war-shattered French painter. Lanny goes back to Paris as his father's secretary, and then becomes secretary to one of President Wilson's advisors at the peace conference. His sympathies are international, and he nearly becomes involved in a Communist propaganda plot, financed by Germany, in an attempt to cause labor troubles in France and so force the raising of the food blockade. His father is very angry at his even listening to the ideas of international socialism, and the book closes with the signing of the peace treaty, and the lining up of the forces for a new struggle, that of labor and capitalism, which is to cut across national animosities. This is a very sketchy idea of the scope of the novel. The story is told by means of a tremendous number of characters, and all that goes on is seen from the point of view of Lanny, who is well-chosen for the role of disinterested but thoughtful observer, idealistic with the optimism of youth, yet gradually forced to read the signs that foretell the end of the world as he knows it. Many well-known figures appear in these pages, and it is a tribute to Mr. Sinclair's skill as a novelist that they are as real, as completely integrated into the fiction, as are the characters created by the author. Zaharoff, Clemenceau, Wilson, Balfour, Churchill, Orlando, House, and many more play their parts. Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, Jacques Dalcroze all make brief appearances. This is a powerful and important novel, magnificently written, with much in it that throws light, often lurid, on contemporary events. It is less sensational than Briffault's "Europa," less national than Nicholson's "All Our Yesterdays," but a powerful spotlight on the war and the peace from a point of view remote enough to see the whole of Europe, and intimate enough to see it from the inside. Once the present war is over, we shall have time to consider it as one of the big books of the first one.



UPTON SINCLAIR
Author of "World's End"

is calculated to give the Americans a sense of compensation for the fact that they have no part in the yet more bloody period in which western Europe is now engaged. However, the book is entertaining enough reading for Canadians.

"The Keepers of the House" relates the exciting period in the life of an illegitimate, low-grade white in the Southern States before and during the Civil War. The atmosphere is fairly brutal, but the psychology of both the negroes and the poor whites and plantation owners is sound and well observed. The terrible clash of conflicting loyalties which was involved in the Civil War has seldom been more dramatically rendered. Both North and South were literally honeycombed with Fifth Columns.

For the Study of Japan

BY B. K. SANDWELL

AT A moment when Japan has it in its power either to release or to paralyze a large part of the force which the United States is capable of exerting in the present World War, it is obviously important that at least a fraction of the population of this continent should possess a fairly clear understanding of the history and character of that great island kingdom in the Pacific. It is in recognition of this fact that the Institute of Pacific Relations has undertaken the preparation and publication of a series of volumes dealing with the Far East, in which Japan is much the most important item of interest. These volumes are completely up to date, not one of them having been put to press earlier than the present year, and they are all written by men who are acknowledged experts in their particular field. They are made available in Canada through the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, at very moderate prices ranging from one dollar to two dollars per volume.

Of the seven volumes already out, three relate specifically to Japan. There is a study of the political and economic processes which led to the revolution of 1867, the fall of the Shogunate, and the rise of the Emperor to that position of divine authority which lends itself so admirably to the purposes of the modern totalitarian state. This volume, entitled "Japan's Emergence as a Modern State," and written by E. Herbert Norman, a former research associate of the Institute of Pacific Relations,

is rightly described in the preface as a pioneer work so far as the Western languages are concerned. There has been in the last few years an immense amount of valuable research work into the economic and political history of Japan done by Japanese students, and the results of these have been largely incorporated. The book gives a general impression of a people so violent in temper, so unrestrained in political methods, and so extremist in their political views, as to make parliamentary democracy of the British type a complete impossibility. Mr. Norman evidently holds that a modern industrialist nation must necessarily be imperialist. "History is a relentless taskmaster, and all its lessons warned the Meiji statesmen that there was to be no half-way house between the status of a subject nation and that of a growing, victorious empire whose glory, to paraphrase that gloomy realist Clemenceau, is not unmixed with misery." A sort of balance of power rests in the hands of the bureaucrats; "as it shuttles back and forth from the military to the financial camp, or from the court circles to political parties, this almost anonymous but experienced bureaucracy has gradually snuffed out all signs of genuine democratic activity, but on the other hand it has blocked the victory of outright Fascist parties."

There is also an up-to-date volume on Japanese industry and one on Japanese trade, with the problems raised by its recent expansion. The other four volumes deal more gener-

Teachers Are People Too

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MISS MUNDAY, by Sophia Engstrand. Longmans, Green. \$2.75.

WHEN the Dial Press offered a \$1000 reward, plus royalties, for the best novel with a school teacher as protagonist, the sponsors received 481 manuscripts; and Sophia Engstrand's "Miss Munday" won hands down. Mrs. Engstrand's novel covers the subject thoroughly and grimly. By the time you have finished reading it, you will wonder why any young woman should ever enter voluntarily a profession that offers all the disadvantages of the cloister and none of the compensations.

Mrs. Engstrand's answer—for "Miss Munday" is as much a thesis as a novel—seems to be that teachers don't know what they are letting themselves in for. They enter the profession filled with hope and ideals—wide-eyed young missionaries of the John Dewey philosophy. But they are also eager human creatures, longing to be part of life and a free genial society. All too soon, however, they discover that their new community isn't interested in their ideals and that its fierce arbiters—the Board of Education and its financial supporters, the Parent-Teachers' Association, all the good ladies of the school auxiliaries—have already assigned them the double role of moral example and social outcast.

Miss Munday, aged thirty, is a good teacher, intelligent, eager and experimental. (She is also slightly priggish, with a tendency to lay down educational principles in the most casual conversation.) But Miss Munday as a private human being is eager for life, and it isn't long before she becomes involved with a fisherman, the older brother of one of her pupils. This is against all the community code of River Bend, which excludes teachers from its social groups and denies them the right to associate with any other. Defying River Bend, Miss Munday is forced to resign her job. And because River Bend's standards of nice living are unalterably her own, she ends by relinquishing her lover as well.

Obviously, Mrs. Engstrand knows her ground. The portraits of Mr. Larky, the weak, hedging principal, of his intimidating wife, of the awful Mrs. Johnson who runs the school board, of half a dozen River Bend matrons, all ladies in the worst sense of the word, are drawn grimly from life. All the more noxious aspects of small town life—the prying, the snobbery, the moral rigidity and hypocrisy—are brought firmly to the light. And all of these, it would seem, are brought to bear on the luckless teacher whose anomalous position in the small town is always to be above reproach and beneath recognition.

As an analysis of the teaching profession in the small-town community "Miss Munday" is an admirable book, intelligent, detailed, convincing, and

filled at times with good honest indignation. As a novel it tends occasionally to be a little stiff and didactic—much of the author's energy goes into presenting the teacher's problem rather than dramatizing it. When, however, she gets away from her thesis and into the deeply human problem of Helen Munday and the fisherman Adam Lalond, she is at her best. The love affair with all its troubling elements of attraction and repulsion is tenderly and sensitively told. In the end you share Mrs. Engstrand's genuine insight into the heart of a frustrated human creature who happens to be a teacher; which may conceivably be something even better than the author intended.

Wars of Long Ago

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

STARS ON THE SEA, by F. Van Wyck Mason. Longmans, Green. \$3.00.
THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Harry Harrison Kroll. McClelland & Stewart. \$2.25.

THE recipe for the picaresque historical novel, very much in vogue at the moment, is becoming fairly clear. The hero must cover a large amount of geography, though the process need take but little time. He must in alternate chapters risk his life in violent conflict with various of his fellow men, conflict which must be described in very physical terms, and risk his virtue in episodes with various specimens of the opposite sex, episodes described in equally physical terms. If the book is to be really a success it should be garnished with three or four scenes of torture and cruelty, calculated to appeal to the literary sadistic taste. There should be a background of well known historical events, such as military campaigns, revolutions, and an occasional plague or earthquake. The narrative must run briskly, as much as possible in dialogue fashion, with no pauses for analysis either of character or of situation. And in the end the hero and heroine should be brought together, much improved by the vicissitudes which have attended them between page 1 and page 700. Anything less than 700 pages is not a picaresque historical novel.

Mr. Van Wyck Mason, as readers of his "Three Harbors" are aware, is one of the leading contemporary masters of this kind of thing. Like its predecessor, his new novel deals with the American War of Independence, but its adventures are more largely on the sea than on the land, and its climax is the hero's patriotic decision to adopt the career of a regular navy officer rather than that of a privateer. It was a bloody and blood-thirsty period, and one suspects that reading about it

AT THE THEATRE

They Seem to Want Plays

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

THE spectacle of several hundred people being turned away from the Royal Alexandra Theatre at a performance of a distinctly intellectual comedy is one which, to be perfectly frank, I have at no time during the last eight years expected to live to see. But it has happened this week, and I have a new faith in the regenerative powers of the human race. The cinema, it seems, has not been able completely to eradicate the ancient and eminently human desire to see other humans performing upon a real stage. And not only has the house been packed, but it has also been packed with some of the most appreciative and readily responsive audiences that it has seen in many years.

"Susan and God" is a much better play than I thought it was when Gertrude Lawrence played it here two or three years ago. It is now evident that it does not in the least depend upon the topicality of its references to the Oxford Group. It has a profoundly true psychological situation, and a great deal of immensely clever dialogue; and both of these were given highly effective treatment by a company which is more competent than perhaps one half of the regular-price companies which have performed here recently. It is true that the piece is played much more for its subtle psychology, than the original production. But I am not at all sure that this does not improve it as pure entertainment. At any rate it was highly and consistently entertaining on the night when I saw it, and was as smoothly performed as if the company had been doing it for weeks.

The Susan of Miss Violet Heming is definitely a more charming and likeable person than that of her great predecessor. This has the disadvantage of making some of the more "catty" lines sound a little inappropriate, while the transition in the last act from a very selfish woman to a really loving wife is a trifle less marked and less effective; and it is not so obvious at the close that the transition itself is the result merely of Susan's discovery that it would be perfectly possible for her to lose her husband. One really believes at the final curtain that Miss Heming actually could love her husband, whereas with Miss Lawrence one was quite sure that she couldn't.

Mr. Roy Roberts as the husband made no attempt to rival the famous and unique drunk scene of his brilliant predecessor, but in every other respect he gave a most admirable performance, notable for its restraint and its deliberate under-playing of the emotional passages. Audrey Ridgwell did good work in the important role of Irene and Judy Parish was adequately adolescent as Blossom. Ethel Britton did not quite manage to convey the impression that Charlotte is in love with Susan's husband.

Some of the company were not quite used to the acoustics of the enormous theatre, but that is an observation that can be made of almost every company which plays in it. A really excellent play, very well performed indeed. At this rate Mr. Frank McCoy, the producer, seems likely to do a great deal to cheer up our spirits during a difficult summer, and may even make quite a little money also.

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

WRITTEN in the terse, sprightly, obnoxious manner popularized by Time, "Some Like It Gory" (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) gives John Kobler an opportunity of reviewing some famous murder mysteries. It seems to us that he prefers to be picturesque rather than scrupulously accurate. For instance, he misquotes a famous jingle on the Lizzie Borden murders which suggests that Andrew Borden was murdered before his wife. But with the material at his hand he cannot fail to be interesting, even thrilling. He presents three or four cases, some of them recent, which defy solution. For every possible theory there seem to be objections sufficient to make it untenable. They will continue to fascinate addicts of crime stories to the end of time, for it seems impossible that at this date the truth will ever be known. Mr. Kobler also presents little details of some famous crimes which seem to have been ignored by their historians and altogether presents his gory relics in a brisk, humorous manner which prevents our blood from becoming unduly chilled. It is a book for the library of the crime connoisseur... Unlike nearly all other detective story writers, Rex Stout seems to improve as he goes along. "Where There's a Will" (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.25) is one of his best. One reason is, we think, that he does not trust the eccentricities of Nero Wolfe, his private detective, so much into the foreground as in his earlier stories, and gives more play to Archie Goodwin, the great man's assistant, who is a real character with no particular eccentricity except an addiction to milk as a beverage. This story is far above the average and one of Mr. Stout's best.

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ally with particular national policies in the far East as a whole, the policies discussed being those of the United States, (1931-40, by T. A. Bisson), Australia (a most enlightening volume by Jack Shepherd), New Zealand and Germany. In practically every volume there is reference to the psychological effect upon the Japanese people of the "unequal treaties" and the exclusion of Japanese from countries in which white people are in control. It is curious to reflect that no nation has been more ruthlessly contemptuous of the "yellow" race than Germany, and as a result of the recent cultural pact between Italy and Germany on one

hand and Japan on the other, the teaching of Japanese history in Japan has had to be modified so as to ignore many of the episodes most painful to Japanese feeling.

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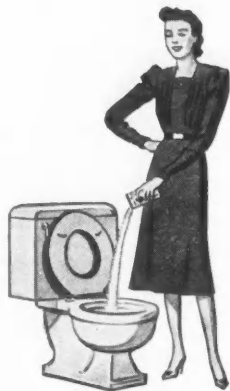


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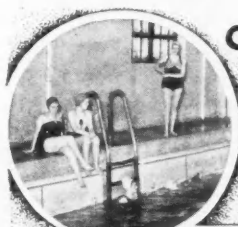
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SATURDAY NIGHT

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Prokofieff Fairy Tale

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

THOUGH only three works were scheduled at last week's Promenade Concert at Varsity Arena, it was not really skimpy. It opened with a brisk rendering of the Overture to Smetana's "Bartered Bride," which the orchestra plays frequently and well. Then Reginald Stewart proceeded to give the ablest and most finished interpretation of a classic symphony one has yet heard under his baton. It was Brahms' Symphony No. 1, in C minor—a glorious work when adequately performed. The tonal quality and expressional efficiency of the organization has never been more effectively demonstrated. It is a work of vast and noble structure, abounding in details of haunting beauty, and wonderfully exalted in its climaxes. Mr. Stewart revealed its contours with confidence, insight and power. The beautiful third movement was especially well done; and in the majestic passages of the last movement that are based on an old chorale, Mr. Stewart rose to impressive heights.

A novel and captivating feature was the first presentation of a musical fairy tale by the Russian composer Serge Prokofieff, "Peter and the Wolf." Prokofieff can be very strenuous and grandiose, as those familiar with his superb score for the film "Alexander Nevsky" are aware; but in this work, based on a tale of his own devising, he is at all times gentle and playful. It is like a Walt Disney sketch worked out in music, and calls for a Narrator. The task of the latter was performed in a graphic and magnetic way by Rupert Lucas. There are several characters, typified by instruments; a little bird by the flute; a duck by the oboe; a cat by the clarinet; a wolf by three French horns; a garrulous grandsire by the bassoon; and the little boy Peter by the strings. For Peter the composer has devised a delicious tune, which makes us visualize a little lad dancing over the meadows. There are many ingenious orchestral devices concealed in the melodic flow of the work. It was played in a joyous spontaneous way and the orchestra seemed to enjoy itself as much as the audience.

Lillian Really Sang

Cinema directors commit weird offences, but probably the worst travesty on a celebrated person of the past since Hollywood invented a beardless Parnell, is the presentation of a voiceless Lillian Russell. Perhaps that is not quite accurate. In her screen embodiment, Lillian is certainly vocal, but is conceived as a radio torch singer with a voice like a can-opener. This is a shocking slander on a beautiful and amiable woman, who during the first twenty years of her adult life possessed one of the loveliest lyric soprano voices that America has produced, and was thoroughly trained in how to use it. In "A Smattering of Ignorance" Oscar Levant makes it clear that most eminent Hollywood producers are allergic to music; and possibly the coterie responsible for this screen production actually thought the noises made by her impersonator were singing. Watching the production with ever increasing annoyance, (despite the fact that several of the minor roles were well done) one came to the conclusion that Walter Damrosch should take action against the producers for defamation of the dead. In one scene his revered father, Dr. Leopold Damrosch, is shown listening to these noises, pronouncing the voice excellent and offering to teach her. If all one has heard of the elder Damrosch is true he would have thrust his thumbs into his ears and cried "Enough! Enough!"

Since countless persons have in recent weeks seen the travesty, it may interest some to know what Lillian Russell's voice was really like. It was a lyric soprano like that of Grace Moore, though sweeter and more delicate in timbre. It was naturally flexible, and she sang difficult arias of the lighter order with the utmost ease. If she had ever been ambitious enough to tackle grand opera she would have been ideal in "Martha," as Rosina in "The Barber of Seville" or as Mimi in "Bohème," though too robust physically for the latter role. A young girl from the Middle West when she made her first appearance in New York in Tony Pastor's theatre, she was, because of her blond and stately loveliness, billed as "The English Soprano." She introduced to America Mulloy's lovely Irish song "The Kerry Dances." She was apparently without temperament, and never took the trouble to act—possibly because she was so lovely she did not need to. She sang Sullivan's music delightfully and was the original Patience in America. She was for years the leading singer at the New York Casino where the classics of French and Viennese operetta were magnificently produced. She sang in many operettas by Jacques Offenbach, which abound in difficult arias of Mozartean inspiration. Her loveliest performance was in the title role of his "La Périochole," founded on the story of the Peruvian actress who figures in Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey." In her heyday she had in America but one

rival as a singer of operetta, a young English girl five years her junior, now the celebrated London comedienne, Marie Tempest. Like the latter she stopped singing when in her early forties her tones began to fade, but because she could not act, no later distinction awaited her. Nevertheless she made a good deal of money starring in plays which presented her as a genial matron. During the last war she graced with her presence a soldiers' show at Toronto and though past fifty was still beautiful.

Lillian Russell was probably the most amiable star who ever trod the boards. The universal admiration of her flawless beauty left her entirely unspoiled; and she refused to worry about anything, which perhaps explains why she was so casual in choice of husbands. One fact which illustrates her nature would have made good screen material. Her wardrobe was the finest in America and she seldom wore a gown more than twice. But she did not throw them away. She had a friend whose duty it was to seek out poverty-stricken young actresses desperate for funds to purchase the necessary gowns for a new role. Many a penniless girl through her generosity was able to step on the stage superbly clad.

Recent Programs

The Proms recently presented a novelty in the first Canadian performance of a Divertimento for piano and orchestra, by Miss Ulrica Cole, an American pianist who has studied in New York and Paris. The piano, however, does not receive excessive prominence in the work. Miss Margaret Brown, the soloist, was brilliantly effective in the first movement, a sprightly and agile Toccata, and achieved a finely-proportioned co-operation with the orchestra in the melodious and solidly developed Intermezzo that takes the place of a slow movement.

Recently a crowded audience in Massey Hall heard Percy Faith and Oscar Levant in a light-hearted program of popular music. The most substantial item of the program was the finest performance ever heard here of Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue." It was so dignified and so revealing that the composition acquired new significance. One has usually heard it played in such a way that it sounded like inferior



GREGOR PIATTIGORSKY, world-famous cellist, will break his vacation to appear as soloist at the Toronto Philharmonic Orchestra at its Promenade Symphony Concert in Varsity Arena, next Thursday night, under the baton of Reginald Stewart and a few weeks later will appear with the Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky at the seventh annual Berkshire Symphony Festival. In Toronto he will play the Concerto in A Minor for cello and orchestra, by Saint-Saens, as well as a group of solos.

Liszt; as presented by Mr. Faith and Mr. Levant it was obviously excellent. Gershwin. Mr. Levant also gratified the expectations of his audience by his informal and diverting chatter, in the course of which he has perhaps aided all pianists who perform in Massey Hall in the future. Every habitual concert-goer has been accustomed to the sight of uncomfortable pianists struggling with the stolidly uncooperative piano-stool. At least one pianist in the past season was so unnerved by it that he broke a piano-string. Mr. Levant has finally mentioned it out loud in public, and let us hope that this mention will bring results.

Winnipeg lovers of the arts are highly elated at the success scored by the Winnipeg Ballet Club at its initial appearance in the Playhouse Theatre recently. It was organized by Gweneth Lloyd, a gifted mistress of choreography, who came to Canada from London, England, last summer. She was assisted by Betty Hey, also an accomplished expert. They had the assistance of the able orchestral director, James Robertson. The most novel episode was "Kilowatt Magic," a modernistic ballet based on music by Smetana.

With the Musicians

The famous Canadian tenor, Joseph Victor Laderoute, was again featured on the Agostini broadcast from Montreal on Sunday June 23. Eugene Goossens, conductor of the Cincinnati Orchestra, recently praised Mr. Laderoute's voice in terms of unlimited enthusiasm.

FILM PARADE

Loving Concern With Small Lives

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

"OUR TOWN" is a beautiful play that has been made into one of the loveliest pictures you can imagine. Since Thornton Wilder seems to have had a free hand in the transcription, all the fresh poetry of feeling and language that belonged to the original have been carried over into the screen version. For good measure Frank Craven and Martha Scott, as spokesman and heroine, respectively, have been carried over too. And while the picture elaborates considerably on Mr. Wilder's simplified settings—two ladders, a dozen umbrellas, a dozen kitchen chairs—the result, one of very gentle realism, can't possibly hurt anyone's feelings. To literal-minded people like myself, the change indeed is an improvement. The present version hasn't quite so much the air of a theatrical stunt as the original. It also does away with the necessity for the endless pantomime involved in the absence of all stage properties. It takes remarkable acting skill, of course, to create the impression that invisible door handles and coffee pots are actually there, but all I ever get out of the best performance is an overwhelming conviction that they aren't.

As it is, everything that was deeply valuable in Thornton Wilder's play has been retained—the loving concern with small unimportant lives, the humanity that so curiously includes and transcends the commonplace, and, in the third act, a quality so poignant and strange that it is impossible to see it without tears.

Nine times out of ten Hollywood pictures get better acting than they deserve. In "Our Town" acting and picture are on the same high level. The Webbs (Guy Kibbee and Beulah Bondi) and the Gibbess (Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter) might have lived in a little New Hampshire town all their lives. Martha Scott's performance as Emily has already established her in Hollywood. Just what her future there will be it's hard to say. Her acting talent is beautifully adapted to "Our Town" but it has a fragile, poignant quality that may not stand up to ruthless casting.

The happy ending apparently was the unanimous choice of a test-audience, so all the other audiences will just have to accept it. It seems so entirely irrelevant to the preceding

scene that it might almost be a trailer for next week's show. However since it's so obviously an afterthought it doesn't make much difference anyway.

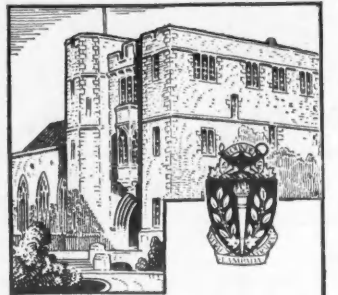
"FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS" should really have been called "Forty-One Little Mothers" to include Eddie Cantor. It's an unfamiliar Eddie here, quite different from any we've ever seen before. He doesn't dance or strut, he sings only one song and that a lullaby, and his enormous eyes from first to last are glazed with mother-love.

The occasion for all this is Baby Quantanilla, an imperturbable two-year-old, and camera-sharp as they come already. There are lots of girls, of course, pert but photogenic misses in a girls' exclusive academy, but that's about the only item that makes "Forty Little Mothers" recognizable as a Cantor opus.

There will probably be some who will enjoy watching the softer side of Eddie's nature unfold. But most people expect a show from the star, with plenty of spectacle and Eddie as the energizing centre. Just at the moment, "Forty Little Mothers" makes Baby Quantanilla's future look quite a bit brighter than Eddie Cantor's.

I'm getting a little tired of sickly heroines, especially Merle Oberon's sickly heroines. In "Till We Meet Again," Miss Oberon is in such a shocking state of health—it's a heart condition this time—that she has to carry digitalis tablets with her wherever she goes. Any hint that the hero (George Brent) is about to leave her brings on a heart crisis, followed by tablets. Is this entertainment?

"Till We Meet Again" is a remake of our old friend "One Way Passage" elaborated with plenty of clothes, luxury settings and Binnie Barnes. In spite of Miss Barnes and the antics of Frank McHugh it's all a pretty sad business. For movie goers who want more vigorous entertainment we recommend "Brother Orchid" with Edward G. Robinson. It's nothing really special, but at least it has plenty of healthy action. For Miss Oberon we prescribe a good iron-and-yeast tonic and plenty of rest. Honest, that girl looks bad.



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Son Of A Gunmaker

BY W. S. MILNE

WORLD'S END, by Upton Sinclair.
Macmillan. \$3.00.

THIS is that Upton Sinclair who threw such a scare into the movie industry when he nearly became governor of California on an anti-capitalist ticket. He hasn't been writing novels lately, but he used to write sizzlers, exposing wheat and oil kings and things like that. He was always noted for his fearlessness, his sincerity, and his amazing knowledge of facts that newspapers wouldn't print. Many of his books and pamphlets were published at his own expense; many of them had been tied to their tails by local Podsnaps. He has made several fortunes from his writings, and has devoted them to causes in which he has believed. He has been a crusader as well as a writer, and perhaps his crusading has been more important than his writing, judged purely on its literary merits.

"World's End" will stand up as a remarkably well-written novel, however, quite apart from the fact that Mr. Sinclair has something very serious to say in it. Indeed, the peace conference scenes, which are probably why Mr. Sinclair wrote the book, are disproportionately developed, and make the second half of this three hundred and thirty thousand-word novel less readable than the first. Perhaps that is because at the present time these Paris squabbles are not pleasant to contemplate. Such matter is more timely than pleasant.

"World's End" is the story of the son of an American munitions manufacturer, born in France in 1900. He is 13 when the story opens, a charming boy, artistic and sensitive. He sees his father only at long intervals, but they are great chums, and the father tells him a good deal of the inside story of the international traffic in armaments. He has two chums, an Englishman and a German. Both become involved in the war. Lanny, the American, remains neutral, and is taken by his father to Connecticut, where their plant is situated. Lanny has never been in America before, and finds the atmosphere of New England puritanism somewhat hard to adjust himself to after a free-and-

easy life in European artistic and social circles. American educational methods strike him as being particularly curious. His mother, who is by way of being a "professional" beauty, remains in France with her lover, a war-shattered French painter. Lanny goes back to Paris as his father's secretary, and then becomes secretary to one of President Wilson's advisors at the peace conference. His sympathies are international, and he nearly becomes involved in a Communist propaganda plot, financed by Germany, in an attempt to cause labor troubles in France and so force the raising of the food blockade. His father is very angry at his even listening to the ideas of international socialism, and the book closes with the signing of the peace treaty, and the lining up of the forces for a new struggle, that of labor and capitalism, which is to cut across national animosities. This is a very sketchy idea of the scope of the novel. The story is told by means of a tremendous number of characters, and all that goes on is seen from the point of view of Lanny, who is well-chosen for the role of disinterested but thoughtful observer, idealistic with the optimism of youth, yet gradually forced to read the signs that foretell the end of the world as he knows it. Many well-known figures appear in these pages, and it is a tribute to Mr. Sinclair's skill as a novelist that they are as real, as completely integrated into the fiction, as are the characters created by the author. Zaharoff, Clemenceau, Wilson, Balfour, Churchill, Orlando, House, and many more play their parts. Anatole France, Bernard Shaw, Jacques Dalcroze all make brief appearances. This is a powerful and important novel, magnificently written, with much in it that throws light, often lurid, on contemporary events. It is less sensational than Briffault's "Europa," less national than Nicholson's "All Our Yesterdays," but a powerful spotlight on the war and the peace from a point of view remote enough to see the whole of Europe, and intimate enough to see it from the inside. Once the present war is over, we shall have time to consider it as one of the big books of the first one.

Teachers Are People Too

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

MISS MUNDAY, by Sophia Engstrand.
Longmans, Green. \$2.75.

WHEN the Dial Press offered a \$1000 reward, plus royalties, for the best novel with a school teacher as protagonist, the sponsors received 481 manuscripts; and Sophia Engstrand's "Miss Munday" won hands down. Mrs. Engstrand's novel covers the subject thoroughly and grimly. By the time you have finished reading it, you will wonder why any young woman should ever enter voluntarily a profession that offers all the disadvantages of the cloister and none of the compensations.

Mrs. Engstrand's answer—for "Miss Munday" is as much a thesis as a novel—seems to be that teachers don't know what they are letting themselves in for. They enter the profession filled with hope and ideals—wide-eyed young missionaries of the John Dewey philosophy. But they are also eager human creatures, longing to be part of life and a free genial society. All too soon, however, they discover that their new community isn't interested in their ideals and that its fierce arbiters—the Board of Education and its financial supporters, the Parent-Teachers' Association, all the good ladies of the school auxiliaries—have already assigned them the double role of moral example and social outcast.

Miss Munday, aged thirty, is a good teacher, intelligent, eager and experimental. (She is also slightly priggish, with a tendency to lay down educational principles in the most casual conversation.) But Miss Munday as a private human being is eager for life, and it isn't long before she becomes involved with a fisherman, the older brother of one of her pupils. This is against all the community code of River Bend, which excludes teachers from its social groups and denies them the right to associate with any other. Defying River Bend, Miss Munday is forced to resign her job. And because River Bend's standards of nice living are unalterably her own, she ends by relinquishing her lover as well.

Obviously, Mrs. Engstrand knows her ground. The portraits of Mr. Larky, the weak, hedging principal, of his intimidating wife, of the awful Mrs. Johnson who runs the school board, of half a dozen River Bend matrons, all ladies in the worst sense of the word, are drawn grimly from life. All the more noxious aspects of small town life—the prying, the snobbery, the moral rigidity and hypocrisy—are brought firmly to the light.

And all of these, it would seem, are brought to bear on the luckless teacher whose anomalous position in the small town is always to be above reproach and beneath recognition.

As an analysis of the teaching profession in the small-town community "Miss Munday" is an admirable book, intelligent, detailed, convincing, and

filled at times with good honest indignation. As a novel it tends occasionally to be a little stiff and didactic—much of the author's energy goes into presenting the teacher's problem rather than dramatizing it. When, however, she gets away from her thesis and into the deeply human problem of Helen Munday and the fisherman Adam Lalond, she is at her best. The love affair with all its troubling elements of attraction and repulsion is tenderly and sensitively told. In the end you share Mrs. Engstrand's genuine insight into the heart of a frustrated human creature who happens to be a teacher; which may conceivably be something even better than the author intended.

Wars of Long Ago

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

STARS ON THE SEA, by F. Van Wyck Mason. Longmans, Green. \$3.00.
THE KEEPERS OF THE HOUSE, by Harry Harrison Kroll. McClelland & Stewart. \$2.25.

THE recipe for the picaresque historical novel, very much in vogue at the moment, is becoming fairly clear. The hero must cover a large amount of geography, though the process need take but little time. He must in alternate chapters risk his life in violent conflict with various of his fellow men, conflict which must be described in very physical terms, and risk his virtue in episodes with various specimens of the opposite sex, episodes described in equally physical terms. If the book is to be really a success it should be garnished with three or four scenes of torture and cruelty, calculated to appeal to the literary sadistic taste. There should be a background of well known historical events, such as military campaigns, revolutions, and an occasional plague or earthquake. The narrative must run briskly, as much as possible in dialogue fashion, with no pauses for analysis either of character or of situation. And in the end the hero and heroine should be brought together, much improved by the vicissitudes which have attended them between page 1 and page 700. Anything less than 700 pages is not a picaresque historical novel.

Mr. Van Wyck Mason, as readers of his "Three Harbors" are aware, is one of the leading contemporary masters of this kind of thing. Like its predecessor, his new novel deals with the American War of Independence, but its adventures are more largely on the sea than on the land, and its climax is the hero's patriotic decision to adopt the career of a regular navy officer rather than that of a privateer. It was a bloody and blood-thirsty period, and one suspects that reading about it

UPTON SINCLAIR
Author of "World's End"

is calculated to give the Americans a sense of compensation for the fact that they have no part in the yet more bloody period in which western Europe is now engaged. However, the book is entertaining enough reading for Canadians.

"The Keepers of the House" relates the exciting period in the life of an illegitimate, low-grade white in the Southern States before and during the Civil War. The atmosphere is fairly brutal, but the psychology of both the negroes and the poor whites and plantation owners is sound and well observed. The terrible clash of conflicting loyalties which was involved in the Civil War has seldom been more dramatically rendered. Both North and South were literally honeycombed with Fifth Columns.

For the Study of Japan

BY B. K. SANDWELL

AT A moment when Japan has it in its power either to release or to paralyze a large part of the force which the United States is capable of exerting in the present World War, it is obviously important that at least a fraction of the population of this continent should possess a fairly clear understanding of the history and character of that great island kingdom in the Pacific. It is in recognition of this fact that the Institute of Pacific Relations has undertaken the preparation and publication of a series of volumes dealing with the Far East, in which Japan is much the most important item of interest. These volumes are completely up to date, not one of them having been put to press earlier than the present year, and they are all written by men who are acknowledged experts in their particular field. They are made available in Canada through the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, at very moderate prices ranging from one dollar to two dollars per volume.

Of the seven volumes already out, three relate specifically to Japan. There is a study of the political and economic processes which led to the revolution of 1867, the fall of the Shogunate, and the rise of the Emperor to that position of divine authority which lends itself so admirably to the purposes of the modern totalitarian state. This volume, entitled "Japan's Emergence as a Modern State," and written by E. Herbert Norman, a former research associate of the Institute of Pacific Relations,

is rightly described in the preface as a pioneer work so far as the Western languages are concerned. There has been in the last few years an immense amount of valuable research work into the economic and political history of Japan done by Japanese students, and the results of these have been largely incorporated. The book gives a general impression of a people so violent in temper, so unrestrained in political methods, and so extremist in their political views, as to make parliamentary democracy of the British type a complete impossibility. Mr. Norman evidently holds that a modern industrialist nation must necessarily be imperialist. "History is a relentless taskmaster, and all its lessons warned the Meiji statesmen that there was to be no half-way house between the status of a subject nation and that of a growing, victorious empire whose glory, to paraphrase that gloomy realist Clemenceau, is not unmingled with misery." A sort of balance of power rests in the hands of the bureaucrats; "as it shuttles back and forth from the military to the financial camp, or from the court circles to political parties, this almost anonymous but experienced bureaucracy has gradually snuffed out all signs of genuine democratic activity, but on the other hand it has blocked the victory of outright Fascist parties."

There is also an up-to-date volume on Japanese industry and one on Japanese trade, with the problems raised by its recent expansion. The other four volumes deal more gener-

The Crime Calendar

BY J. V. McAREE

WRITTEN in the terse, sprightly, obnoxious manner popularized by Time, "Some Like it Gory" (Dodd, Mead, \$2.50) gives John Kobler an opportunity of reviewing some famous murder mysteries. It seems to us that he prefers to be picturesque rather than scrupulously accurate. For instance, he misquotes a famous jingle on the Lizzie Borden murders which suggests that Andrew Borden was murdered before his wife. But with the material at his hand he cannot fail to be interesting, even thrilling. He presents three or four cases, some of them recent, which defy solution. For every possible theory there seem to be objections sufficient to make it untenable. They will continue to fascinate addicts of crime stories to the end of time, for it seems impossible that at this date the truth will ever be known. Mr. Kobler also presents little details of some famous crimes which seem to have been ignored by their historians and altogether presents his gory relics in a brisk, humorous manner which prevents our blood from becoming unduly chilled. It is a book for the library of the crime connoisseur. Unlike nearly all other detective story writers, Rex Stout seems to improve as he goes along. "Where There's a Will" (McClelland & Stewart, \$2.25) is one of his best. One reason is, we think, that he does not thrust the eccentricities of Nero Wolfe, his private detective, so much into the foreground as in his earlier stories, and gives more play to Archie Goodwin, the great man's assistant, who is a real character with no particular eccentricity except an addiction to milk as a beverage. This story is far above the average and one of Mr. Stout's best.

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ally with particular national policies in the far East as a whole, the policies discussed being those of the United States, (1931-40, by T. A. Bisson), Australia (a most enlightening volume by Jack Shepherd), New Zealand and Germany. In practically every volume there is reference to the psychological effect upon the Japanese people of the "unequal treaties" and the exclusion of Japanese from countries in which white people are in control. It is curious to reflect that no nation has been more ruthlessly contemptuous of the "yellow" race than Germany, and as a result of the recent cultural pact between Italy and Germany on one

hand and Japan on the other, the teaching of Japanese history in Japan has had to be modified so as to ignore many of the episodes most painful to Japanese feeling.

BOOK SERVICE

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PORTS OF CALL

Land Where the Clock Stopped

BY COLIN HAWORTH

MOTION pictures and novels have dealt, from time to time, with the subject of stopping, or turning back the clock. The results have in most cases been highly entertaining. But rising far above such fictional ventures is the actual experience of living in a land where modern advancements have made little or no progress, where the native populace carries on its daily tasks in much the same primitive manner as its forebears did, where the racey pulse of the twentieth century has failed to make its mark.

There is such a land. And Canadians need search no foreign corner of the globe to find it. Just glance at the sprawling map of Quebec Province, run your finger along the north shore of the lower St. Lawrence and up the headwaters of its tributary the Saguenay. There you have it. Old Quebec: the Quebec of by-gone days, the Quebec of the early French settlers.

This land, the region around Peribonka and Chicoutimi on the upper reaches of the Saguenay, around

some, the broad acres of the family farm represent daily bread—to others, the mighty waters of the St. Lawrence and Saguenay, alive with fish, offer a livelihood earned "the hard way." And in winter the backwoods call, with timbers to be cut and traps to be set and watched.

Life in the Lower St. Lawrence is much as it was a hundred years ago. It was this district and this life that author Louis Hemon brought to light in his most famous book "Maria Chapdelaine" which has become the greatest of French Canadian classics. The striving ways of the "habitant," the drama of his deeply religious life, and love in this hinterland, all were unerringly sketched by Hemon.

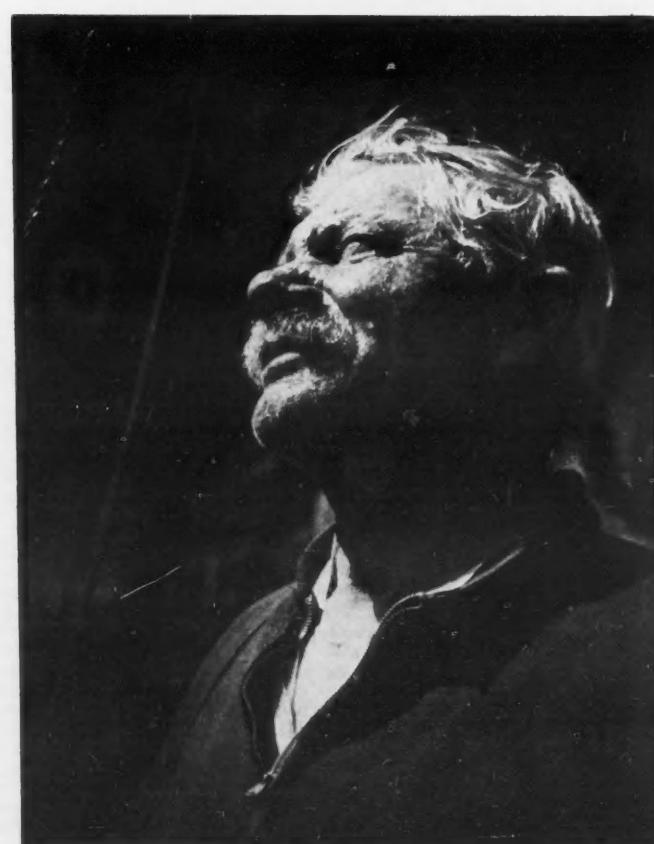
Today the people of the lower St. Lawrence and the Saguenay are little altered from when Hemon saw them. In Peribonka, where Hemon placed his heroine Maria and her three adventurous lovers, the visitor still sees the men-folk gathering after mass, as they have done for generations, to smoke their potent "tabac Canayen," to discuss the week's events and to trade livestock, supplies and gossip. Here, too, the visitor sees the sturdy, weather-beaten whitewashed farms, with their outdoor ovens where crisp, crusty bread is baked as it has been for decades; stolid, heavy-handed habitants, clothed in colorful homespun which have been turned out on the spinning wheel that served "grandmere" and sturdy young men stolidly pacing behind a wooden plow.

This is the true "vieux Quebec," land of the wayside shrine. Yet all is not ancient in this wonderland. For within this quiet unassuming section of the province, where life strolls along with its own unhurried pace, are outposts of modernity. At Murray Bay, the English name for La Malbaie, and at Tadoussac, are two of the most modern hotels on the con-

tinents. Here, within a stone's throw of old Normandy are summer resorts, unsurpassed in America, where discriminating vacationists can relax and enjoy life at its best, or indulge in a wide variety of up-to-the-minute sports, to suit their mood. At the Manoir Richelieu in Murray Bay and at the Hotel Tadoussac in the village of that name are championship-standard golf courses. At the former, too, there are en-tout-cas tennis courts, a glorious out-door swimming pool, thoroughbred riding horses and here too the growing sport of archery is practised. At both places fishermen revel in some of the finest sport the country can provide, as salmon, bass, perch and other game fish rise spiritedly to the bait.

The land of the stopped clock is blessed with striking scenery. Whether you roam the rolling hills of Murray Bay, view the turbulent streams that fret and thrash their way through the virgin forests of the Chicoutimi district, or stand by the steamer rail on the Saguenay and peer at the towering twin tips of Capes Eternity and Trinity high above, you will admit the glory of the scene.

This northern part of Quebec has scenery; it has its colorful old habitant characters and quaint old Norman customs. Therefore it has appeal. And each summer, visitors by the thousands journey to visit it. The route to the land of the stopped clock is down the broad St. Lawrence. You can board a steamer in Montreal, Prescott, Kingston, Toronto, Sarnia, Sault Ste. Marie, Port Arthur or Fort William, but your destination will be the same. Down the "River to China" past Montreal, the nation's metropolis where churches, shrines and age-old buildings sleep in the shadow of modern sky scrapers, past the battlements which crown Cape Diamond at Quebec and on downstream to "The Land Where the Clock Stopped."



A typical French habitant, he speaks with the accent of Old Normandy.

—Canada Steamships.



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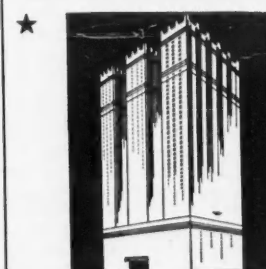
Deluxe Beaumaris cuisine is justly famed for its excellence.

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Domaine d'ESTHEREL
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CONCERNING FOOD

On Following To-day's News

BY JANET MARCH

HAVING been brought up like most people in a house where clichés passed by dressing them up and calling them proverbs let us look at that old old chestnut "There's a silver lining to every cloud." It's a bit fanciful to think of Hitler as a cloud, which brings up dear Wordsworth, and wandering lonely, and daffodils, but then there are clouds and clouds, and what about the one in the Bible no bigger than a man's hand? It turned into something pretty unpleasant in time. It wasn't clouds, though, that we were setting out to consider, but the silver-lining end of the matter, and that's this: for once there are enough newspapers to tie up everything in the house and so defeat the moth. What's more, the papers are quite new and interesting and you can have a pleasant time squatting on the attic floor brushing up on your general information. All that you have time to do these days while the papers are new is to read the headlines and then it's time for the next edition.

Newspapers that you aren't supposed to read are always so much more interesting than new ones. How often have you had a rush of blood to the head bending to read a fascinating item on the kitchen floor when the idea is that the paper is no longer reading material but just a protection for wet linoleum? Dorothy Dix and Emily Post, the description of that absurd wedding, the unfortunate-looking citizens who achieve their golden weddings at last receive the rapt attention never given when the pages of the paper were first flipped over.

Crouching in the damp warmth of the top story of an uninsulated house trying to build newspaper into an impenetrable fortress against a blitzkrieg of the moths, I've learned a lot. Some of the nicest items fill in the tiny spaces at the bottom of columns. Usually these short announcements are not given the honor of a heading. Their full importance comes on you suddenly.

"Tea and coffee refreshments are served people who inspect breweries in Australia."

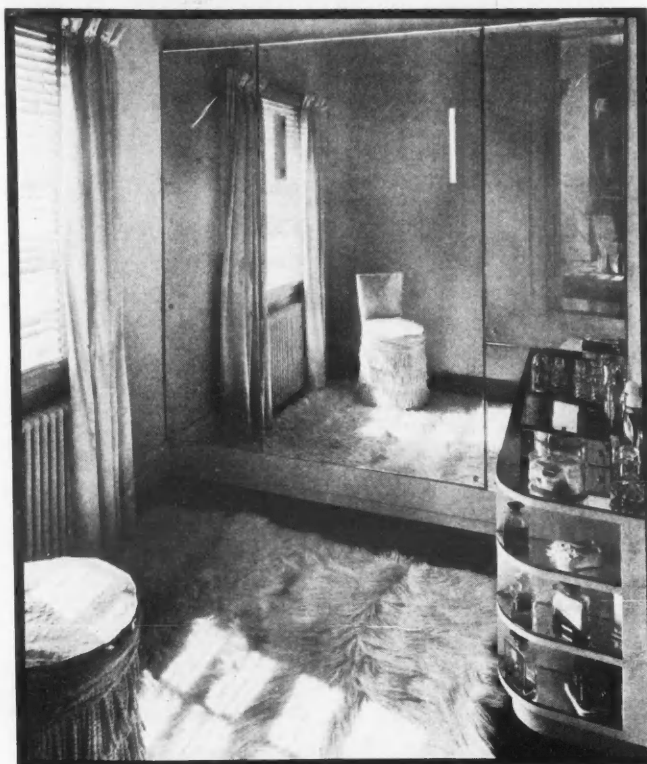
That's all I know. "Why not beer?" you say. Well, why not, and who are the people who inspect? Idle visitors or government inspectors or what, and do they get both tea and coffee on one inspection? Maybe they get a case of beer to take home. Maybe Australia is a pretty good place to be in at the moment for more than brewing reasons. Maybe we'd better try and drown our troubles in tea and coffee. Cold on hot days and hot when the weather snaps at us to remind us that winter is coming. The longest day in the year has already passed.

Iced Punch

Whether you go in for strong or soft drinks, every wise punch-maker knows that cold tea is the finest sort of base. It gives flavor and a solidity which removes all idea that you just held the jug under the tap when you saw the visitors coming up the drive. Here's a good one.

- 1 quart of cold tea
- 1 quart of sweet cider
- Juice of 2 lemons
- 2 sliced oranges
- 1 cup of sugar
- 1 quart of sparkling lime juice
- 2 quarts of finely cracked ice.

Mix all the ingredients together, except the lime juice and the ice, and chill. Just before serving pour in the lime juice and add the ice. Be sure to cut the oranges up in nice



THIS ATTRACTIVE DRESSING ROOM in the Lawrence Park home of Mr. and Mrs. Hubert C. Myers, Toronto, is developed in soft oyster-white tones. A great white bear rug dominates the floor of black and white asphalt tile, and a triple mirror—the side panels arranged to swing in—fills one wall, while a built-in dressing-table provides generous space for toilet requirements. Designed by Catto & Catto, Architects.

little slices if you are going to let them pour into the glasses, or else just have them for looks in the jug.

Spiced Iced Tea

- 5 cups of freshly-made hot tea
- ½ cup of sugar
- 2 cups of cold water
- Grated rind of a lemon
- 8 whole cloves
- 2 pieces of stick cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon of ginger
- Slices of lemon
- Ice.

Mix everything but the tea and the ice, boil it for fifteen minutes and then strain. Chill, add the tea and ice, and put a slice of lemon in, or on, each glass.

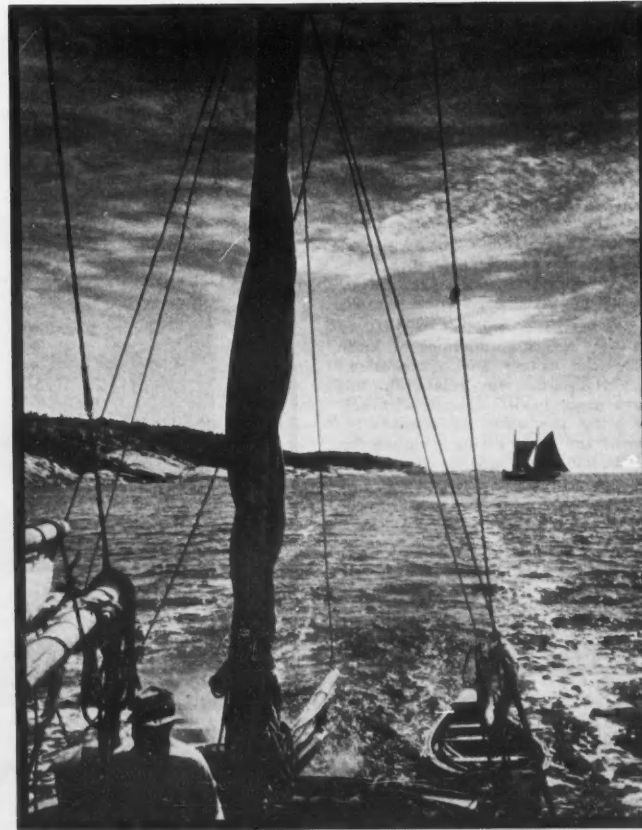
Iced Coffee

This is a pretty good summer drink itself. Just make your coffee in the usual way, add cream, pour onto ice, and serve with more ice. This is a more filling drink than ice tea and is good for lunch with a sandwich on a hot day.

Big cakes are always good in hot and cold weather, and if you have a treasure in the home who can knock out a gingerbread or a layer cake with maple icing, you have the makings of a very fine afternoon tea. For those who haven't cake geniuses in the kitchen, small cakes seem safer for hot weather, chiefly because for about the same amount of effort you can turn out quite a lot, and speaking generally, they don't get stale as easily.

Chocolate Delights

- 1 cup medium dark brown sugar
- ½ cup of rich milk or thin cream
- 1 cup of chocolate, grated or finely sliced



Fishing boats put out into the wide sweep of the St. Lawrence. —Canada Steamships.

'SALADA' Tea Bags



-they're So Handy

"MY FAMILY LIKES IT AND IT'S SO GOOD FOR THEM"

A tempting bowlful of Shredded Wheat and milk with sliced bananas actually gives you eight vital food values: Three Vitamins (A, B₁ and C), Calcium, Phosphorus, Iron, Proteins and Carbohydrates. It's a simple and delicious breakfast of balanced nourishment—or a tasty and satisfying lunch. A double dishful of Shredded Wheat—ready cooked, ready to eat—costs but a few cents. At your grocer's. The Canadian Shredded Wheat Company, Ltd. Niagara Falls Canada



MADE IN CANADA—OF CANADIAN WHEAT

LOOK FOR THIS FAMILIAR PACKAGE AT YOUR FOOD STORE

TRAVELERS

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred B. Whitehead of Quebec were recent guests of the latter's sister, Mrs. Morley Whitehead, of Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Sewell, of Kenogami, were in Quebec recently for a short visit with Mr. Sewell's father, Mr. C. A. Sewell.

Mrs. Gordon Conner and her small son have returned to Montreal, after a visit in Quebec with Mrs. Conner's parents, Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. D. B. Papineau.



PYREX OVENWARE PRICES DRASTICALLY REDUCED

THIS GLEAMING CAKE DISH IS ANOTHER PIECE OF PYREX OVENWARE YOU MUSTN'T BE WITHOUT!

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Save money...time...energy by cooking with Pyrex ware! You actually use 1/3 less fuel, because Pyrex dishes absorb more heat. And think of the saving in dishwashing! You not only cook in Pyrex ware but you can serve and store too! And it washes crystal clear in a matter of seconds! Try Pyrex ware yourself!

Your friend the bride will be thrilled to start married life with this ultra-modern kitchenware. Give her this many purpose double-boiler. Or ask about the saucepans, frying pans, percolators. You SEE what you're cooking with Pyrex Flameware!

FOR YOUR PYREX CAKE DISH! Chocolate Upside Down Cake Cake—Sift 1½ cups cake flour and measure. Then sift flour, ½ cup sugar, 2 tps. baking powder, ¼ tsp. salt together in mixing bowl. Melt 1 square unsweetened chocolate and 2 the butter together; mix with ½ cup milk and 1 tsp. vanilla; pour into dry ingredients and stir together. Add ½ cup broken nuts, blend thoroughly. Pour into well-greased PYREX ware layer cake dish. Bake—Mix together 2 tbs. cocoa, ½ cup brown sugar, and ½ cup granulated sugar; dissolve in 1 cup boiling water. Pour over cake batter and bake in a moderate oven, 350° F., about 1 hour. Turn out and serve slightly warm with whipped cream.



GIFTS FOR THE JUNE BRIDE—PYREX FLAMEWARE



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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

AT ALL DRUG STORES

Announcements

MARRIAGES

The marriage is announced of Miss Charlotte Cooper, B.Sc., to Lieut. Leonard I. Carling of London. Mrs. Carling is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Cooper of Port Carling and recently graduated from Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal and University of Western Ontario.

Lieut. Carling is the only son of Lt. Col. and Mrs. J. Innes Carling and is an officer in The Royal Canadian Regiment and is at present stationed at Camp Borden. The ceremony was quietly performed by Rev. T. R. Haughton at Barrie.

New Advances in Medical Research

BY ARTHUR HAM, D.B.

ONE hundred years ago, life, so far as physical disease was concerned, was far more precarious than it is at present. Our greatly improved chances of surviving are due chiefly to the widespread application of the discoveries made in the Pasteur era of medical research. In this era many of the diseases caused by bacteria or other living organisms which invade the body were brought under control. That further advances in this type of research can still be expected is witnessed by the fact that only recently a new instrument in the form of sulphanilamide (and allied compounds) has been evolved—a powerful weapon against certain bacterial diseases which have been resistant to other forms of treatment. Nevertheless, the Pasteur era has probably passed its zenith and there is now a new and different trend apparent.

The justification for a new trend in medical research can be found in any present-day mortality table. Such a table compiled for 1939 would be vastly different from one compiled a hundred years ago. In the latter there would be more deaths in the younger age group and there would not be the same concentration of deaths in late middle life that there is at present. Furthermore, the table for 1939 would show a striking increase in deaths from cancer and arteriosclerosis (hardening of arteries, sudden heart disease, "strokes," etc.). At first thought it might seem that these two diseases were becoming more virulent. A more logical reason for their increase is that the Pasteur era has made it possible for many more people to live to the age at which they strike. Unlike typical bacterial diseases which affect the young as readily as the old, cancer and arteriosclerosis tend to be restricted to a later time in life. They are a different sort of disease from the kind that has been solved in the Pasteur era and they need a different sort of attack.

DEATHS

CHAPLIN—Edith Ann—Suddenly at Chatham, Thursday, June 20th, Edith Ann, beloved wife of the late Alexander D. Chaplin. Interment at St. Catharines.

This trend is directed towards learning more about the chemistry of life processes and the effects that are produced when these processes are altered. One important branch of this type of research is that which deals with hormones. The progress that has been made in this field in the past two decades is remarkable. The modern insulin treatment for diabetes is an example.

Hormones Are Destiny

Hormones are complex chemical substances which are normally made by certain cells of the body in small quantities. The cells that make hormones are mostly located in structures called endocrine glands, and there the cells liberate the hormones directly into the blood stream. Thus hormones circulate to all parts of the body, and, even though they are present in only the most minute concentration in blood, they produce astonishing effects far from the place where they are manufactured. Without traces of certain hormones in the blood, a person cannot live, and slight differences in the concentration of others determine almost all the distinguishing characteristics of an individual.

Hormones enter the picture at the very beginning of a human life. Successful pregnancy depends upon hormones, and the Ascheim Zondek test, which makes possible a very early diagnosis of pregnancy, is based on the detection of certain of them which are automatically brought into production when pregnancy occurs. Then whether a baby is born as a male or a female depends upon the action of hormones. At the beginning of its embryonic life it has full potentiality to develop into either sex. Whether it takes on the bodily form of one or the other depends upon which chemicals circulate in its blood stream. It appears furthermore that hormones are potent instruments in deciding whether male or female hormone is to circulate in the embryo, and experiments in animals in which hormones have been injected into the mother have yielded some success in controlling the sex of the offspring.

There is good reason to believe that the mechanism of childbirth is set in motion by hormones. Certainly the ability of a mother to feed her child after it is born depends on them. Those hormones which cause the breasts to develop and function will work equally well in suitably treated males. Thus a course of hormone injections can convert a male animal into a perfectly satisfactory nursing "mother." Again, a child's growth depends on a hormone.

Hormones control much more in the body than growth and sex characteristics. Infinitesimally small quantities of others in the blood stream are necessary for certain foods to be utilized. Thus hormones doubtless determine whether a person is to be fat or thin. Hormones control temperament to a degree; and they may even decide whether an individual is an introvert or an extrovert. But what is even more interesting, particularly with regard to the diseases of middle life, is that it seems likely that senescence itself is a hormone phenomenon.

Preventing Senescence

Rejuvenation has always been an aspect of hormone research that has attracted popular attention. Endocrinology is said to have had its birth with Brown Sequard's experiments. But in most of the work that has been done in this field there has been far too much emphasis placed on sex hormones. This is only a part of the picture in growing old, and repairing one part will not fix the whole mechanism. Further, many of the ways that have been utilized to stimulate sex-hormone secretion are far from reliable. It is no wonder that rejuvenation is more or less in scientific disrepute. But to prevent senescence is another problem. It is far easier to preserve sound structure than to re-establish it. There is no reason to be other than optimistic about the chances of science some day to prolong the vigorous period of people's lives. Increased knowledge of hormones may provide us with the key to this riddle.

It has been suggested in this article that the two great enemies of later middle life, cancer and arteriosclerosis, are in some way related to the disturbed chemical reactions which arise with the onset of senescence. Some of the facts giving grounds for this suspicion will now be given, and we choose cancer as our example.

Perhaps the most dramatic of the findings which suggested a relation between hormones and cancer was an outcome of simultaneous study on tar cancer and sex hormones. It had been known for some time that tar would produce cancer in mice if it was painted on their skin day after day for a long time. Chemists made a serious attempt to find what compounds in tar were responsible for this cancer-producing action and they were finally rewarded by isolating certain chemicals which were much more potent in causing cancer than crude tar. The formulae of these chemicals were determined. At about this time (not many years ago), many biochemists were attempting to isolate and learn the chemical structure



FIRST OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH of His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, and Her Royal Highness, Princess Alice, taken in the Ballroom at Government House, Ottawa, immediately after the installation of His Excellency as Governor General of Canada. —Photo by Karib.

of the female sex hormones. They were also rewarded, and then it was observed that the chemical structure of certain of these cancer-producing substances derived from coal tar was similar to the structure of the female sex hormone. It is disturbing to think that a normal product of the body is only slightly different from a substance known to be cancer-producing.

Cancer and Metabolism

There are other reasons for suspecting a relationship between hormones and cancer. Cancer is a disease in which cells seem to devote all their energies to unrestricted growth rather than to useful function. And we have learned not only that hormones control the growth of the body as a whole and the growth of only one type of genital system, but also that hormone-like substances have been found (in embryological studies) to have an effect that is just the opposite, i.e. they make cells change from growing to working.

Cancer develops most commonly in females in those organs in which growth is periodically stimulated by hormones throughout the greater part of life. In female animals of strains prone to develop breast cancer, injections of sex hormones increase the incidence of cancer. What is hopeful, however, is the fact that injections of another hormone prevents cancer from developing as often as usual in strains of mice prone to develop it.

Coming last to the age incidence of cancer, it is significant that this disease tends to occur at the very time (late middle life) when there is a profound disturbance of the hormone metabolism. In women particularly, there is a marked change in hormone production. One hormone is produced in much smaller amounts than formerly, another is produced in larger amounts. And cancer is not only common at this time, it is commonest (in women) in those organs where growth has been under hormone control all through life.

The foregoing is of course only suggestive, but it is enough to make one think that the key to a longer period of active life will be found in the field

of metabolic research. That this sort of work now holds the interest of the majority of medical investigators is clearly evident from the applications received yearly by the Banting Research Foundation. Last year, as well as giving almost half its income to further the researches of Sir Frederick Banting, this Foundation assisted nineteen medical investigators in many parts of Canada.

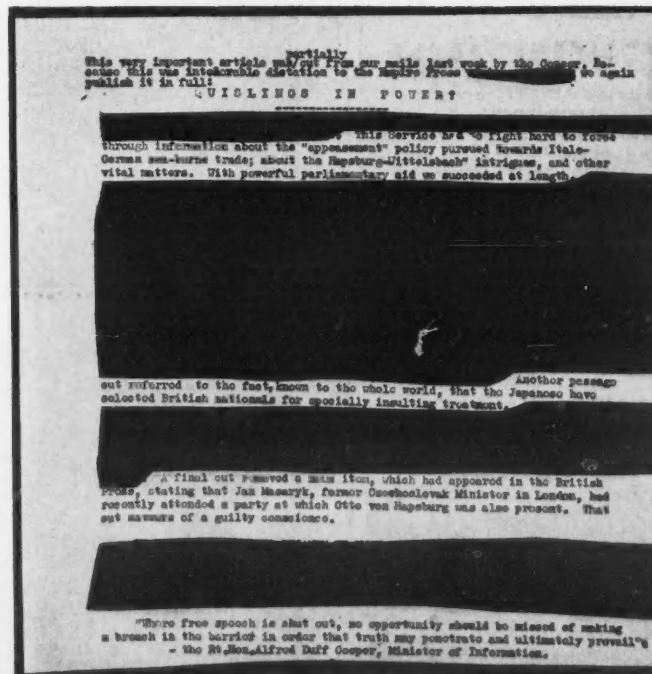
But medical research progresses slowly. Its character is such that an enormous amount of irrelevant-appearing spade work must be done and those who do this must be extremely well trained. And as there are not nearly enough full-time research positions available for those who seek to discover ways of prolonging healthy life, most of the fundamental work must be done by scientists in universities and hospitals whose major task is teaching or some routine work. It is to these people who are frequently leaders in their field, that the Banting Research Foundation is often of assistance. To one of them a relatively small grant for technical help and materials frequently is the marginal factor in allowing important research to be prosecuted. This is an important reason why the funds subscribed years ago by numerous public spirited citizens, and which now constitute the capital of the Banting Research Foundation, have been so productive in helping maintain the position Canada assumed in the world of medical research on the discovery of insulin.

LETTERS

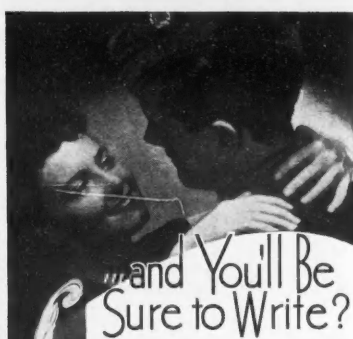
Veterans and Leadership

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT:

ON THE front page of your issue of June 1, you speak of the veterans clamoring for something to do, "whose military value for overseas service is somewhat questionable unless they have devoted a great deal of the intervening 21 years to keeping their knowledge abreast of the times."



CENSOR'S BUSY SCISSORS. The black areas in this photograph are simply the parts cut out by the British Censor's scissors from one page of a News Letter of the General News Service of London, England, which appears to be an ardent advocate of a British rapprochement with Russia "to enforce an immediate peace."



The assurance that you'll write, eases the pang of parting — and prevents estrangement through long absences.

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Write, wire or phone your reservations. Further details gladly furnished upon request.

GEORGIAN BAY TOURIST CO. OF MIDLAND, LIMITED

MIDLAND ONTARIO

I am of the opinion that whoever wrote that is not a military man. The veteran of the last war knows the manual of arms; he understands drill and there are not so many changes but what he would pick them up in a very short time; he understands discipline, camp routine and a thousand other things which are a foreign language to the green recruit. In addition to this, one of his greatest values is that the green recruit instinctively looks to him for leadership.

I have served in every rank from private up to field officer. I served in the R.C.D.'s in South Africa, came home and went back again with the S.A.C. I noticed then that the recruits just naturally turned to me to find out what to do. When the Great War broke out, I noticed that my fellow officers looked to me again and again because of my previous service. Even in the military school in the evenings, many of the officers who had not had previous service would come to my room with their notes and say, "This is all fine, but what does it mean?" In other words, they wanted to understand the practical application of the things they were being told.

If you are speaking of the officer who will have the technical training of mechanized units to consider, then, of course, he has a lot to learn. However, the thousand and one things I have mentioned before he does not have to learn. Therefore, he can concentrate on these technical problems. This gives him a decided advantage over the green man. And the principles of war are the same regardless of whether or not it is a mechanized army.

As General Griesbach put it, "Use should be made of the knowledge gained in the university of war." And I do know that many of these men, like myself, have been doing a lot of reading and have kept abreast of the times.

Toronto

HOWELL SMITH.

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... and only a Johnson Sea-Horse Outboard Motor has the combination of ALL THREE MOST wanted features:—

- 1—Underwater Exhaust for Quietness.
 - 2—Alternate Firing for Smoothness and Starting Ease.
 - 3—Full Pivot Steering for Flexibility and Directional Control.
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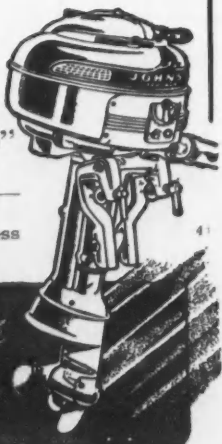
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WORLD of WOMEN

Digging In

BY BERNICE COFFEY

AT LAST someone has decided it's high time to do something constructive about sand-digging equipment. Sand-digging is not an occupation to be taken lightly, you know, and when you've worked like a beaver building castles and things it's maddening to discover your tin shovel has collapsed through the middle, and that the flimsy handle of the sandpail simply cannot take it. This is one of those moments to which many a moderately well-adjusted child would, if he could, point to his beginning as a Problem. Instead of so doing though, he is more likely to give expression to his inarticulate fury by bouncing the useless pail on the head of his nearest co-worker.

The Holgate people who make those wonderful wooden toys scaled to age groups evidently have been turning the matter over in their minds, for they have produced tools that ought to meet the approval of the most exacting sand-digger. Instead of the usual tin the pails are sturdy wooden buckets devoid of the usual prissy pictures of Little Miss Muffet or who have you. And the handles appear strong enough to take their punishment without flinching. All the accompanying tools are of wood too—a flat spatula-like spade, a competent wooden rake, sand-moulds—and the handle of each is shaped to invite the grasp of the most earnest sand sculptor wearing rompers. Add to this the fact that their value as lethal weapons is nil, and the satisfaction becomes general.

Visitors Only

Women visiting army and air force camps to see their husbands, sons and friends are now assured of a place to sit and chat with their menfolk. The Y.W.C.A. Hostess Houses make this possible at Camp Borden, Trenton, Pembroke and Valcartier, with other Hostess Houses in preparation.

At Camp Borden there is a large picnic area with shelters, tables, hot water, a First Aid station, telephone, tuck shop, rest room, children's play grounds—a place where the whole family may meet, just outside the camp.

At Trenton a large attractive building is being operated for the convenience of women visitors, and in Pembroke, the nearest town to Petawawa, a local committee is planning to have a Hostess House ready by July 1. Men from coast to coast are stationed at Petawawa and the inconvenience which the families visiting the men have experienced will now be minimized through the services which the Y.W.C.A. Hostess Houses make possible.

At Valcartier, the Salvation Army and the Y.W.C.A. work most successfully together to provide the necessary services.

Another service which the Y.W.C.A. is providing is lists of accredited boarding houses at reasonable rates for the soldiers and their families.

A service of many years, which never grows old, is the Travelers' Aid. Especially in the larger cities its value is being demonstrated afresh, as it copes with the many problems of the women and their families journeying to and from the camps.

Tail-Waggers' Dept.

After checking over the various things done to improve canine standards of living we've come to the conclusion that a dog's life has its undeniable merits. Scraps and leftovers from the household fare no longer are his portion. Instead, the canning of specially prepared dog food is on the verge of becoming Big Business. There is even a special candy for sweet-toothed mutts which contains dextrose, codliver oil, yeast, soy flour and all sorts of other ingredients teeming with vitamins. Larger dogs still have to accommo-

date their shetland-pony proportions to outside kennels or else flop where they may—generally a carefully selected spot just inside a doorway where the unwary are most likely to do a nose-dive over them. But the smaller breeds have their own little wicker beds which are comfortably cushioned and protected from drafts. All these have come to be standard equipment for almost every well-cared for and cherished dog.

But there are a few extras which we were interested to learn about recently, such as a doggy travel kit to take along when you and the friend of man go jaunting about the country together. It contains a rubber feeding dish, a tin of flea powder, a brush and a towel rather unnecessarily marked "DOG." All these are contained in a neat black leatherette case which on the outside looks exactly like a woman's dressing case. In our lighter moments we enjoy speculating on the facial expression of the person who inadvertently opens it and discovers such an extraordinary array of contents.

Of course you feel like a heel for doing so, but if you must leave him to his own company for a day you can ease your conscience by the thought that "at least Towser isn't starving." A low square white enameled box called the Ken-L Master takes care of such things in your absence. All you have to do is put the rations inside a round trap in the top of the box, close the top and set the attached alarm clock for the time the pup usually is given food. Towser has to keep his appetite in check until the ringing of the alarm releases a spring which raises the cover. It's the machine age, all right.

Another intriguing piece of dog equipment is a gadget called the Tug-of-War strap. The top is a heavy leather loop fashioned for a firm hand-hold, and this is attached to a substantial rubber section which ends in another section made of heavily tallowed plaited rawhide. The whole thing is designed to bring joy to the heart of any canine who likes to get his teeth into things, brace his feet and tug like mad.

Plan for Plants

A suggestion for keeping household plants in bounds and at the same time a pleasingly decorative point of attention, is to be seen in one of the model houses the department stores hereabouts erect from time to time.

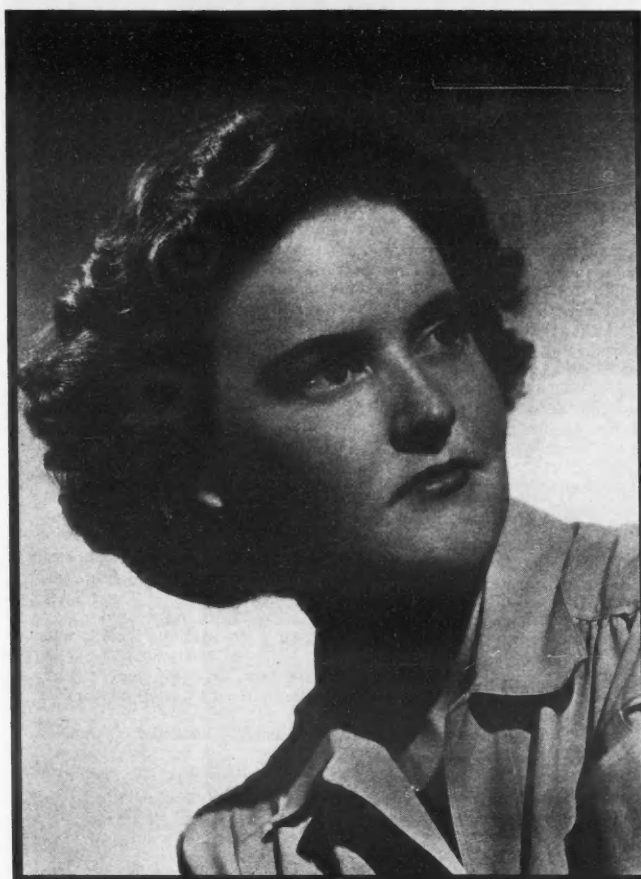
The sun room has a floor length window which curves around one of the corners of the room. The window is curtained with pale green theatrical gauze and on the floor, following the curve of the window, has been built a wide shallow trough which repeats the window's curve. The outside of the trough has been painted deep ivory with a running band of ivy in dark green. The painted ivy meets a wallpaper border of ivy which runs up both sides of the window. All sorts of mixed plants in their pots stand inside the trough and, so they will not be overlooked at night, concealed electric lights are placed among them. The idea isn't copyrighted.

TRAVELERS

Mrs. Allan Mackenzie, who spent the winter in Washington with her daughter and son-in-law, Captain and Mrs. Curzon-Howe, has been staying some time in Toronto. With her granddaughter, Miss Ann Curzon-Howe, she will spend the summer in Montreal.

Mrs. A. Turnbull has returned to Toronto from Montreal where she was the guest of her aunt, Lady Drummond.

Mr. Ernest M. Armitage, who has been visiting his father, Mr. George Armitage, in Sherbrooke, has left for his home in Sanford, Florida.



MRS. STANLEY CHAMPION BIGGS, née Barbara Flavell Barrett, whose marriage at Timothy Eaton Memorial church, Toronto, was an event of June. Mrs. Biggs is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Barrett and granddaughter of the late Sir Joseph and Lady Flavell. Mr. Biggs is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Richard A. Biggs. —Photograph by Ronny Jaques.

It's A Clean Business

BY ISABEL MORGAN

THE wardrobe of every woman—unless she has a fortune to spend on clothes—contains some "left-overs" from last year. As part of good grooming, economy and chic, these garments—especially those to be worn this fall—should be sent to a reputable dry cleaner to be restored to as near their original freshness as possible.

Beauty of figure is tremendously important, we all agree. We agree, too, that it can be marred by the uneven hemline of a dress that has been pulled by machine pressing or shrunk. Shrinkage of a garment that has been pre-shrunk by the manufacturer is caused by quick drying aimed at turning out a volume of work in order to offer cut-rate prices. Therefore, when a garment is returned to you it is exactly the same size as when you took it off, unless you have instructed your cleaner to shrink or stretch.

For personal daintiness we use deodorants, dusting powders, toilet waters. We fuss over bath salts, crystals and oils. Yet few of us realize that a dress returned with a "dry cleaning odor" is not merely unpleasant to have around, it is actually dirty. It has an odor because the dry cleaner allowed his solvent to become soiled and rancid. This soiled solvent redistributes a film of grime over the dress so that it gets what the trade calls a "mud dyeing." Quality establishments keep their solvent water-white by constant filtration, distillation and chemical treatment.

Out Damned Spot

The spotting department is one of the most important features of a dry cleaning plant. Spotting is necessarily a lengthy process and it should be a fine art. The spotter is a chemist for one thing. He knows weaves, sizings, dyes, stuffs. The spotter sits at a table surrounded with camel's hair brushes, spray "guns," chamois, clean cloths, water and a wide variety of chemicals. The number may be as high as sixty. It is his job to treat and "feather" out stains, and nine times out of ten he does an amazingly good job.

Some stains are difficult to remove, particularly if they have been allowed to develop with age. Tannin stains are in this group. They come from sources as widely divergent as certain soft drinks; beer; ale; coffee; tea; fresh fruit juices; catsup, mustard and some medicinal compounds. If you tell your dry cleaner what caused the stains, he will be better able to cope with them. Sometimes tannin stains are almost invisible before they become developed. The developing occurs with the heat of the pressing iron and the stain becomes a characteristic yellow or brown color. If warned the dry cleaner will endeavor to remove the stain before using heat.

We revel in the dressmaker detail of our new dresses. Yet, unless we choose a dry cleaner with care, and are prepared to pay for good work and individual handling, we can depend on it that the knife pleating will be anything but sharp; the shirring, the soft draping, the puffing of the full sleeves will be slammed flat by a mechanical steam press and buttons and ornaments may be missing and seams frayed.

Sequins and Metals

The sequins favored by Balenciaga, the metal braid of Maggy Rouff and metal brocade of Alix and the gold embroidery of Lanvin

are ravishing on the new dinner and evening gowns—but the most delicate care is required in their dry cleaning.

The cleaning of a sequin gown, especially, is a headache at best. Sequins are brittle; they break or peel readily; they are soluble in water; heat causes them to curl at the edges. Metal sequins have a tendency to tarnish. Such dry cleaning should be done entirely by hand. The gown is soaked for a few minutes in clear solvent to loosen soil, then it is laid on a prespotting board and brushed carefully with a soft brush—the sequins are not touched. Stains are removed, then comes a second rinse by hand, brushing with a clear solvent followed by drying at room temperature and pressing by hand.

Metal cloth which has come in contact with perspiration usually becomes discolored by a green corrosion. This can be removed—but only temporarily. The stain is first flushed with water in order to remove as much as possible of the perspiration. Dilute hydrofluoric acid is then applied to dissolve the green corrosion. The fabric is again flushed thoroughly with water. All flushing is done gently with a sponge or by holding a spray "gun" close to the garment. Corrosion occurs again however, as soon as the gown comes in contact with perspiration.

Good dry cleaning is as vital a part of good grooming as fastidious care of the body, and it is a fact that cheap dry cleaning is, in the end, a wasteful luxury.

TRAVELERS

Mrs. G. D. S. Adams, with her two children, of London, England, have taken up residence at the Shawinigan Beach Hotel at Shawinigan Lake, Vancouver Island.

Mrs. Norman Perry has returned to Toronto from New York.

Miss Diana Spencer returned to Vancouver recently from the East and was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Kenneth Newbury, before leaving for Earls Court, Lytton, to join her mother, Mrs. Victor Spencer.

Mrs. Victor Wright, who has been the guest in Vancouver of her sister, Mrs. Austin Taylor, has returned to Edmonton.

Colonel and Mrs. R. Y. Eaton, of Toronto, are spending some time in the West.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. W. Hugh Owen with the Misses Delys, Daphne and Damaris Owen have left Montreal to occupy their country house at Ste. Agathe for the season.

Miss Constance Guy, of Winnipeg, who has been the guest of her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stikeman, in Ottawa, has left for Washington and Virginia.

Miss Geraldine Kilvert has returned to Winnipeg from Vancouver, where she has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Arthur Nation. She is accompanied by her cousin, Miss Barbara Nation.

Lady Crosbie, of St. John's, Newfoundland, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. M. Carleton, for a few weeks, has returned to her home.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Rodman Merritt and their children, of St. Catharines, spent some time recently with Mrs. Merritt's mother, Mrs. Arthur Murray of Cobourg.

Mrs. Trumbull Warren, formerly Miss Mary Wigle, has returned from England, and is with her parents in Hamilton.

Amongst the recent Montreal guests at the Alpine Inn, Ste. Marguerite Station, Que., were: Mr. and Mrs. F. X. Plaut, Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Gratias, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. de Watteville,



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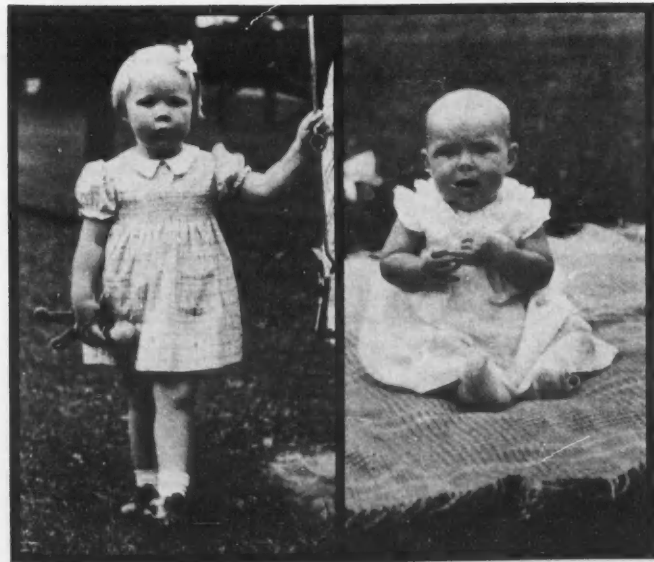
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HER ROYAL HIGHNESS Crown Princess Juliana of the Netherlands watches her two little daughters as they romp in the sun in the children's playground of the Seignior Club where the royal party spent some time after their arrival in Canada. They now are the guests of Their Excellencies the Governor General and The Princess Alice at Rideau Hall, Ottawa. Note the charm bracelet worn by Princess Juliana.

—Photograph by Associated Screen News.



THE CHILDREN OF THE HOUSE OF ORANGE are photographed at play during their recent stay at the Seignior Club in the Province of Quebec. Princess Beatrix, two and a half years old, is at the left. Princess Irene is at the right.

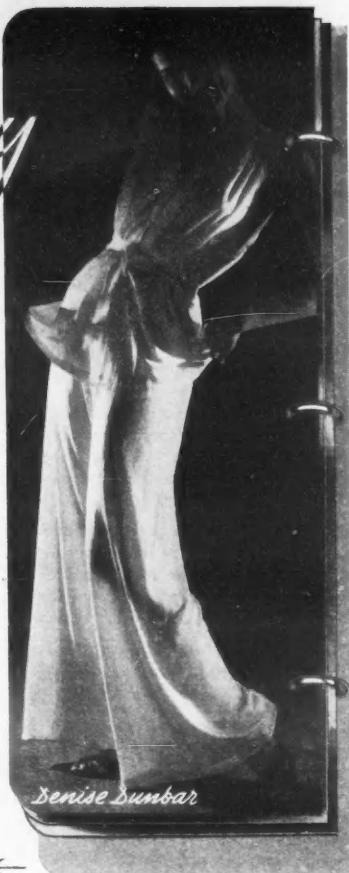
—Photograph by Associated Screen News.

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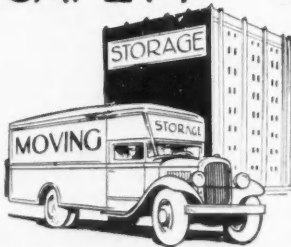
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THE BACK PAGE

Just Say "Hi!"

BY JOCELYN MOORE

THIS is a tribute to Henrietta Cushman who, more than anyone else, is responsible for my recent social success in Montreal.

Certainly I did not foresee what Mrs. Cushman was going to do for me. I sniffed scornfully as I read her article in the *Ladies' Home Journal* called *How Is Your Wifely Diplomacy?* If you know the *Ladies' Home Journal* at all, you will recall that its pages are illustrated with photographs of women who stand at the top of the stairs and shriek down to their husbands, "You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!" and with other women who shake their forefingers and opine, "It's your constipation that's making you so terrible tempered." Who, after all, is the *Ladies' Home Journal*, to hold up a candle for me?

"You go to a party where your husband has old friends and you have none," Mrs. Cushman postulated. "Your husband drifts off, forgetting you completely." Then she gives you five solutions to your problem, such as "Go home." You select the one which covers your own probable line of action, and then you turn the page to see if you are right.

I was just turning the page when my husband came home from the place where he translates inscriptions from the Sanskrit to keep the wolf from the door.

"How'd you like," he said, trying to sound casual, "to run down to Montreal for the weekend, a lot of the gang are getting together for the McGill-Varsity game and I haven't seen them in a dog's age."

Carefully I rejected the things that popped into my head, such as, "And me on the third winter on my Hudson seal coat?" or "But I've bought a boiling fowl at Hookbinder's for only 22 cents a pound." I kissed the end of his nose and said,

"Grand. When shall we start?"

THAT was how I found myself, twenty-eight hours later, sitting gracefully relaxed in the home of perfect strangers, quite alone. My host had given me a cocktail and my hostess had brought up a man who talked about his recent excavations on the site of Troy. But when, meeting him halfway, I switched to the old Mennonite graveyard at Conestoga he went away to get me another drink and didn't come back.

Then it was that Henrietta Cushman's advice flashed into my mind. Answer C: "Say 'hi' to the folks about, identify yourself, and start making your own knot of chatting friends."

I went cold as I realized I'd never looked to see which suggestion was the correct one. Perhaps this was absolutely wrong. But it was the only one I could remember.

I sized up the folks about. In a far corner three men were telling smoking-room stories, the hostess and four ladies were making sandwiches in the kitchen, two couples were playing

Chinese checkers while a third was sitting entwined on the stairs. The most accessible group, I judged, was that consisting of the Troy man, two baseball enthusiasts and the Dean's wife, gathered about the phonograph in the dining-room listening to Benny Goodman.

I strolled over, took a deep breath, and said, "Hi."

Nobody did anything.

"Hi," I repeated.

The Dean's wife whispered to one of the men. He got up from his hassock. "I beg your pardon?" he said.

"I just said, Hi."

"Oh . . . She just said Hi," he told the Dean's wife. "She's a little deaf," he said to me.

"What a pity," I murmured.

"Yes, isn't it," said the Dean's wife. "Sh!" said the archaeologist.

"Won't you have my seat?" whispered the man who'd been on the hassock.

"No, thanks," I backed away hastily.

"Must get a—"

"Sh!" repeated the archaeologist more loudly. The Dean's wife nodded and smiled, and began beating out the rhythm on her jet purse.

I LOOKED around and caught what I thought was a welcoming gleam in the eye of one of the smoking-room story men. Taking out a cigarette, I drifted toward them.

"Hi," I said. "Got a light for a lady?"

The one with the gleam, though it was only a slight squint really, took out a pocket lighter which didn't work. We all watched politely for six twirls, then the bald one lighted a match on his thumbnail. I glanced up at him over the flame, but he wasn't looking at me.

"Do you know the limerick about the girl in the rockery?" I asked.

The third man, who looked like William Powell in a coarse way, giggled. The bald one choked. "Er, yes, Stan here just told it," said the first man, looking at the flame of his lighter which was now working beautifully, as if he didn't know what to do with it.

"Don't you think it's about time we broke that up?" asked the bald man, nodding toward the couple on the stairs.

"Old Rog is getting narrow-minded," giggled Stan. "Have you met Lillian Tarums? Come on over. She'll effect a cure."

"Would you like a cocktail?" asked the man with the squint. "I'll get you one."

"Oh, not right now." I caught hold of his sleeve, but he was too quick for me. "Be right back," he said. He went upstairs and, I learned later, lay down.

"What's the matter with me?" I thought, making myself as small as possible in the now empty corner. I reviewed the prescription. "Say 'Hi' to the folks about, identify yourself—"

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Why of course. They didn't know who I was. I went out to the kitchen, arriving in time to hear the hostess say,

"—and all the time Kirk had this Irene in an apartment and she never had the faintest . . . oh, hello."

"Hi," I said. "I'm Joe Moore's wife."

"You know Joe," said the hostess to the tall blonde with the pageboy bob.

"What happened to Catherine?" I asked.

"You must forgive us, my dear," said the hostess, "you know how it is when you get together with people you haven't seen for a long time."

"Bubbles just had twins," said a little girl with a turned up nose.

"No!" said the hostess. "Why, I saw her just before Christmas and she didn't look—"

Something in me snapped. "My grandmother dove off a forty-foot tower the month before my mother was born," I said.

"Girls, boys, or mixed?" asked the hostess.

"She had just gone up to admire the view," I continued desperately. "Fully dressed. And the tower caught fire at the bottom."

At last the others were silent.

"My mother became a marvellous swimmer. She swam the English Channel from Folkestone to Dover."

"That's a boat route," said the blonde. "Swimmers always—"

"I know," I said. "John Millington Singe was on the Channel boat that followed her, and he told me the whole thing. 'A brown slip of a thing she was,' he said, 'and she plashing through the dark water, and all the folk aboard skelpin her and whooshin her on, a thing I never saw since the year of the great famine, the saints preserve us.'"

"Skelping who?" asked William Powell, leading a small group who'd come to look for food.

"Her mother," said the little girl.

"Oh, Stan, her mother swam the—"

"Her grandmother dived off—"

"Do you know Mrs. Moore?" asked my hostess. "She's been telling us the most wonderful—"

"Who's in the middle of this chattering mob?" boomed my husband's voice. "Oh, it's you, dear. Having a good time?"

"Hi," I said. "Lovely."

HARVEST

FILTERS yet the loam of years
Through interstices of bone;
Soil and grass and man are peers,
Flesh and sinew, there is none.

Once they said: "This earth will bear
Fruit of seed so proudly sown;
Gone the heritage of fear
When this harvest is full-grown.

"There shall be with sun and rain
Richer chemistry of birth:
Blood of the heroic slain
Makes of this no common earth.

"Wait for this upthrusting birth,
Wait for blade and wait for leaf;
Peace and honor from this earth
We shall garner, sheaf by sheaf."

Friends, the harvest is at hand,
Shines the resurrected pain!
Friends, there is not any land
Tastes not of this bitter grain.

T. D. RIMMER.

"He used to go around with Bubbles Osterhout."

"It wasn't Bubbles, it was Catherine," said the blonde.

"Oh, no, don't you remember that time we were all up in the Laurensians skiing, and he and Bubbles—"

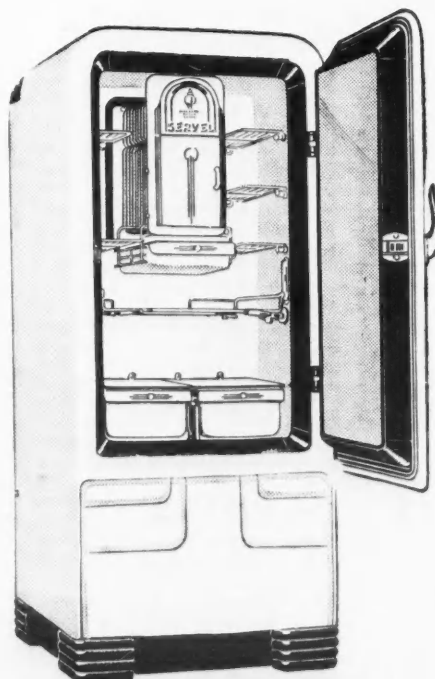
"Well, it was Catherine who had his fraternity pin. She wore it at the Graduation dance the year I was married."

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—By Bert Bushell.